Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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ITALY'S BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

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No one can have lived much in Europe during the war and after without having heard criticism of Italy. It was often bitter, violent and prejudiced; oftener selfish, biased and unjust. That Italy exposed herself to criticism, particularly in the conduct of her internal affairs, cannot be denied. While, however, such conduct may have been a legitimate subject for comment on the part of foreigners, to Italians alone belonged the right of criticizing. They did it, and to some purpose, since from their criticisms and their consequent conduct has flowed a stream which, to the observer without the country, seems to be health giving should they drink of it, and sanity giving should they bathe in it. The Fascisti have made the first substantial contribution to world ordering since the war, and should it prove permanent it will rank second in importance only to Italy's most noble gesture of 1848—the Risorgimento. History may one day bracket Mussolini's name with Garibaldi's, just as it has bracketed Lincoln's with Washington's.

The purpose, significance and phenomena of what is called Fascismo are well understood by many in this country. But there is also much ignorance of it. Otherwise a newspaper of Boston, a city which smugly and stolidly admits she is the radiating cultural center of the country, would not announce the decisions of the recent Fascisti Congress in Naples beneath the head-

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line *Italy's Anarchic Descent.* Moreover there is a widespread belief that Fascismo is a toxic ferment, a guerrilla movement, an experiment in the craftsmanship of government without plan or precedent. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Fascismo is the expression of a spiritual condition brought about by the war, a reaction of the middle classes chiefly, against the demoralization of the Italian people by Radical Socialism and threatened Bolshevism that flourished in the aftermath of war. Although new in name, it is not new in nature, purpose or inception. Other countries have suffered from the same malady as that which so recently afflicted Italy—revolution—and have sought cure in remedies without the Government, as did Italy in Fascismo. It is unique only in that it has departed so speedily and so successfully from its original mission, or at least has developed a larger one; has outgrown its self-appointed task of coercive peacemaker or spanker-in-chief to the great rampant and unspanked pet child of the Government; has exchanged its modest garments of private life for the regalia of officialdom; and has broadened its scope until it has persuaded or forced the Government into official recognition of it as the favorite son who has now assumed control in his father's house. Today, with its leader as Premier, an active membership of more than a million drawn from all classes, with a legion of sympathizers and its ranks constantly growing, it is in danger of being considered in its present and most obvious aspect only, i.e., merely as the newest Italian political party, while the inspiration and plan that brought it into being and supplied the dynamic power for the accomplishments of the modern knight errant upstart are liable to be forgotten or ignored.

To do justice to the Fascisti one must briefly recall the conditions which brought about a reign of lawlessness in Italy in 1920 and 1921, and especially the activities of the Radical Socialists against whom the Fascisti were chiefly measuring their strength. Until 1914 the Socialists of Italy had been troublesome, aggressive, but not dangerous. During the war they displayed an anti-patriotic activity which not only embittered the conduct of the war but sowed the seeds of false hopes and class antagonism which bore so riotous a harvest after its close.

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Who are the Fascisti, what does the word mean, and what are the aims and purposes of Fascismo? are questions one frequently hears. The Fascisti, now a political party, was at first a disciplinary order or body. It was procreated before the war, gestated during the war, and born on Armistice day. It was called at first "*Fasci di Combattimento*". Its nucleus was composed mainly of young men, former combatants who had banded together for the purpose of protecting the material and moral interests of discharged soldiers and officers, of championing the war and of chanting the victory. It was formed "to keep alive among the people the spirit of unity which they had acquired through common sacrifice". It considers itself the guardian of the nation, superior to class; and it aims to conciliate and to coördinate the classes. From its inception the ranks of the Fascisti included "*Arditi*", Legionaries of Fiume, university students, Government officials, a sprinkling of the lower middle class and laboring men, and a few of the upper classes.

The movement developed most rapidly in Northern Italy, particularly in Bologna, Modena, Milan, Genoa, Turin, Florence and Ferrara. In a general way it has been considered to be an outgrowth of the Nationalist Party, but in the beginning it was frankly pacifist, calling for disarmament and "declaring war on Italian militarism". Its sympathies have been frankly with the working classes and with Syndicalism in some phases, with Republicanism in others. Its membership increased rapidly, and in 1918–1919, when Italy became threatened with Bolshevism the Fascisti took it upon themselves to tear down the red flag wherever it was unfurled and to raise again the tricolor.

Fascismo takes its name from the Latin *fasces*, the name given to the bundle of elm or birch rods wrapped around an axe and bound by a red strap, which the lictors of ancient Rome carried when they appeared before kings, emperors or consuls. It was the emblem of the ruler's authority over life and limb.

The phenomenon of Fascismo appears upon first contemplation to be a consequence of the war. In reality it is a phase of the spiritual crisis with which the Italian people have been grappling since the war. No historian who reviews European events during 1914–1919 will be able to deny that Italy was aroused,

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pushed to the trenches, and kept there by a minority—the middle classes, the *borghesi*, the classes of culture and of ideals, capable of enthusiasm for noble causes and abstract ideas. In this portion of the Italian people patriotism was truly alive and the spirit of intervention broke out, which carried the country to new alliance and finally brought honor and glory to Italy's annals.

The majority of the laboring classes, rural and industrial, were antagonistic to war, because they were incapable of comprehending its higher values and because they were embittered by the hardships and restrictions to which war subjected them. Unrelieved as it was by an inner light, war appeared to them horrible darkness. During the struggle this darkness was illuminated by an artificial light which every now and then went out and disaster followed. Personal interest was the light that was constantly focussed before combatants at the front and at the rear. Month after month peasants were told, "Thou shalt own the land which thou shalt have saved and which thou shalt work".

The same alluring promise opportunely adapted to include factory ownership was used to dazzle industrial workers. These were the only ideals which could be understood by people who had grown up cherishing the Socialist dream of "away with all masters". The propagandists' mistake was to believe the laboring class would suffer, after the war, the delusion in silence, and that the high priests of Italian Socialism would not endeavor to regain their diminished prestige by taking up such propaganda themselves. Another winning card in the hands of the Socialist leaders was the delusion of which the laboring classes were the victims: that they and not the *borghesi* and the upper classes had won the war. The fact is that the laboring classes emerged from the war with an exalted idea of their own worth and importance, convinced that they had been the saviors of the *borghesi*, more imbued than ever with Socialistic class hatred, resolved that the promises which had been made to them should be redeemed, and determined to take matters into their own hands.

The disappointments which followed Italy's diplomatic efforts after the war filled the lower classes with even greater contempt for the intellectual classes, who in the field of diplomacy had sustained humiliating defeats. The demoralizing spectacle of those

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who had derived power and wealth from the war made the *contadini*, laborers and artisans, skeptical of the "ideal motives" of those who had promoted war, and it increased class hatred. The ranks of Socialism swelled. The belief became widely held that it was necessary to upset the social applecart and to fill it with fruit cultivated and picked by the proletariat. Soon even the doctrines of Socialism began to be regarded as too mild and obsolete. The most extreme ideas gathered a tremendous impetus, and Communism created from a rib of the Socialist Party waxed lustily and talked loudly.

By the end of 1919 revolution had actually broken out in Italy. Strikes in all the most vital public services, the nervous system of a nation, were nearly permanent. In Turin and other large cities army officers were frequently assaulted, often killed, in the streets. Barracks and forts were attacked and army magazines blown up. Trains were stopped in transit and general railway strikes were declared without notice merely because a few *carabinieri* were on them. Life in the harbors was paralyzed. In many provinces a state within a state was formed. Portraits of the King were removed from the municipal schools and the national colors were replaced by red flags on town halls. Land owners were compelled to employ Red union men according to a certain ratio of the land owned, even in the dead season. If they took their own produce to market in their own cars or carts, they were condemned by Red tribunals to pay fines, often running as high as thirty thousand lire. The Red law gave the monopoly of such transportations to local Red coöperative organizations. Refusal to pay fines resulted in abandonment of rural work at critical times of the year, destruction of crops and provisions, arson of hay deposits and houses, abandonment of cattle leading to death, and even murder. Fear reigned supreme. The victims, surrounded by a barrier of hostility and hatred, soon found that no one would sell them food or other necessities. Even physicians were prevented from ministering to their sick or injured. Submission was the only way out. The demand of all classes of workers for higher wages was insistent and mandatory. Indiscipline and disorder were rife. Land owners could not discharge their help without the approval of the Red organizations

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nor employ extra help. The peasants' forcible seizure of lands from their legitimate owners, the anxieties connected with all sorts of activities, the uncertainty of the morrow, drove many proprietors and factory owners to sell their property or business as the only escape from their dilemmas. And conditions in the industrial field were no better.

The authorities seemed either powerless or unwilling to restore order. Nitti, then Prime Minister, was openly accused of favoring the advent of revolution and of planning a change of régime. The Nationalist party was loud in denunciations of his policy. Rarely had such a cloud of hatred collected around the head of any man. The mildest name he was called was "enemy of the country". His sympathy and leniency with those who had opposed the war won for him the charge of being a tool in the hands of Italy's enemies. Frequent hostile demonstrations were organized against him and the Roman police had to be mobilized to protect his house. For half a century Italy had not been swept by such a wave of wild passions. The whole social order was on the verge of collapse, and the Government was supine, apathetic, impotent. The fundamental law of the State guaranteeing private property was no longer enforced.

There were many other vistas of discontent. For instance, many held it a mistake of the Government to conduct so early an inquiry into the conduct of the war, which threw discredit on many generals who, when all was said and done, had done their duty to their country to the best of their ability. The time was not propitious for such proceeding. A general pardon which had been granted at about the same time had set free thousands who had deserted from the front, many of whom had been condemned to death, as was the case with Misiano, whom the Communists later sent as representative to Parliament.

Another mistake had been that of changing the electoral law at such a critical time: a jump into darkness, the change was styled by the farsighted. The new law based on the proportional principle favored by the Socialist proved a useful instrument in the hands of the Extremist and enabled them to capture an unprecedented number of seats—nearly 156—in Parliament, and to gain great advantage in the political game.

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The majority of the lower classes, most of whom were Socialists, were encouraged by the impotence of the Neutralist Government, Orlando, Nitti, Giolitti, and the despair of the middle classes. Overwhelmed by revelations of the incapacity of the country's diplomats relative to war settlements, and encouraged by the Government's spinelessness, they began revolution on their own account, a revolution without ideals. From the beginning the middle classes looked on indifferently, almost with a secret hope that something better than that which was being vouchsafed them might come from it. But soon they were convinced that such hope was ill founded. What could they legitimately expect from the ignorant classes tutored by weak Government and lessoned by bad example in which thirty years of Socialistic propaganda had caused them to lose every faith and every ideal? It was soon apparent that the revolution would be based on class hatred and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Within less than two years Socialism in Italy had grown into a tyranny which was operative against its members, the great majority of whom, however, continued to remain in the ranks of the party because of fear. The *borghesi* had a premonition of their impending ruin. Amid rampant lawlessness, with all the organs of Government paralyzed, the situation appeared hopeless. At this juncture they began to stir, and the spirit of reaction against repeated outrages developed. They would no longer be gored without resistance. "We are willing to accept you as co-workers, but not as masters," expressed their attempt at conciliation.

The Fascisti came to the rescue, to restore the engine of order and law. Not only those who had property to defend were numbered in its ranks. Mussolini, editor of the *Popolo d'Italia*, had organized his groups into a disciplined army, with its General Staff, its officers, and ranks, its code of discipline and its decorations. From the beginning it appealed to and later enlisted the sympathies of the sane, serious well-wishers of the country of all classes from the highest to the lowest. The majority of this civilian army, however, were youths for whom the word *patria* had not become mockery, youths who clung to the illusions and

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ideals which ennoble life and were ready to give their lives for Liberty and Justice. And many of them, by falling victims to Communist ferocity, made the sacrifice. Wherever there was an act of lawlessness, an insult to the flag or to the army, an offense to mitigate, a wrong to right, in country or in town, a band of Fascisti would be rushed to administer adequate punishment, varying from the arson of the local Socialist headquarters to burning of red flags, from bodily castigation to compelling offenders to shout "Long live Italy!" or to drink a glass of castor oil in public. Blood was shed only when the murder of Fascisti was to be avenged or resistance was offered, or in case of self-defense.

Fascismo gradually undermined the reign of terror which the Extremists had succeeded in establishing. It soon became evident that the Socialists and Extremists were not as courageous and terrifying as they had appeared to be when they were sure of immunity. When they felt that Fascismo was gaining favor in public opinion and was sufficiently strong to guarantee them protection, they began to leave the Socialist Party, at first little by little and finally in great numbers. A number of towns and cities passed *en masse* to Fascismo, and the Italian flag, which had been ostracized in them, was again saluted deliriously. Moreover the King of Italy was able to visit these cities with safety and with welcome.

By a sort of natural selection, the red flag remained in the hands of the most fanatic enemies of social order. Some parts of Italy where specially favorable conditions prevailed became their citadels, ill-famed theatres of their worst revolutionary outbursts. The invasion of factories; the organization of the revolutionary and blood-thirsty Red Guards; bomb outrages like that at the "Diana" of Milan, where innumerable innocent spectators, women and children, lost their lives; the barricades of Florence; the organized slaughter of Palazzo Accursio in Bologna, where several city councillors were murdered by their Communist Colleagues; the outrageous murder of Scimula and Soncini, condemned to a barbarous death by a Red tribunal in which some women acted as judges; the wholesale slaughter of the sailors at Empoli; the frequent attempts against express trains; the revo-

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lutionary movement at Ancona, where the rebels had seized the forts and could be subdued only after systematic siege and the free use of artillery by the regular army, were the desperate convulsions of a party conscious that the ground was rocking under its feet and in panic lest its edifice should topple.

Nitti's government was swept away by a wave of indignation caused by his wavering policy. Giolitti followed with Enrico Corradini as Under-Secretary for the Interior. Giolitti had been suspected by the Socialists of having secretly encouraged Fascismo. Nothing can be said at this time with certainty, but those who have been witnesses of the ineptitude of Italian Government agents in times past doubt it. It is likely that he was in no way responsible for the organization and subsequent rapid growth of the movement. But he permitted it to develop without interference by either the civil or the military authorities into a great private army. Fascismo was a natural phenomenon of reaction, nourished by idealism and motivated by patriotism. The violent offensive of the Nationalists against Nitti is a proof of the internal vitality of that party which afterwards revealed itself in the birth of Fascismo. Giolitti must have sensed it as a force antagonistic to Socialism. With his fine intuition he must have seen the chance of restoring equilibrium by the play of opposing forces, and he probably hailed the Fascist movement as an unhoped-for aid from heaven, and decided to use it as a tool for saving a tottering régime—*Fra due litiganti il terzo gode.*

Giolitti's premiership lasted nearly a year. Toward the end, when he found it impossible to govern with the House which had been elected by Nitti, he dissolved it and called new elections. The result was not what he had hoped, as Nitti's proportional law was not as easy a tool in the hands of the Government to influence elections as the old electoral law. Such, at least, proved to be the case in these first two experiments, perhaps because, being a new tool, the Government, i.e., the bureaucratic organs which are at the Government's service, had not learned to handle it efficiently for its own purpose. At any rate the Socialists returned to Parliament in considerable force, having lost but few seats. The actual result of the election was that 156 seats were held by the Socialists, 106 by the Catholics and 34 by the Fascisti.

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Benito Mussolini, leader of the Fascisti, now Prime Minister, received at these elections the greatest number of votes of all of the 535 members of Parliament. His election was styled "*un' elezione plebiscitaria*". Giolitti recognized defeat but claimed that the quality of the Socialist element in the House had greatly improved. However, he soon resigned. In these elections the Fascisti came forth for the first time as a regularly organized political party. In Parliament their representatives, backed by the Nationalists and other fractions of the never united Liberals, assumed the mission of acting as a check to the influence of the Socialists and the Popolari, and of preventing the Government from being too remissive with these parties. Although the Fascisti had declared against Bolshevism, the party had not yet succeeded in enlisting the active support of a large part of the middle classes, as was shown by the election returns. About sixty per cent of them did not go to the polls.

In the new House, with Bonomi as Premier, verbal violence and foul language on the part of the Extremists were adequately met by the Fascisti. After a prolonged struggle, the latter succeeded in scoring a victory over the Extremists when they brought about the expulsion of the deserter Misiano, whose election was finally annulled. The pressure of Fascismo within the new Parliament and without, in the whole country, compelled the Socialists to change their tactics and to pose as victims. After laborious negotiations presided over by the Speaker, Signor De Nicola, a truce between the Fascisti and their opponents was concluded and signed. The Communists, however, refused to be a party to it. It was a piece of trickery destined to tie the hands of the Fascisti who, despite the truce, continued to be murdered by both Communists and Socialists. The leaders of the latter always washed their hands in innocence, shifting the blame to the shoulders of their Extremist brethren, who had not subscribed to the pact. But who can tell where Socialist ends and Communist begins? In Italy, at least, with few exceptions, they are like the finger and the finger-tip; the syndical revolutionary army. When the game became apparent the Fascisti had to call the truce off. Guerrilla warfare was resumed, but meanwhile the Government had recovered strength and some courage, and the Socialists had

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become weakened by internal dissensions, especially on the question of participation or nonparticipation in the Government, for the reports made by Socialists returning from Russia had exploded many illusions concerning that Garden of Eden. When the ranks of Socialism began to thin from the passing of many Socialists to the Fascisti labor organizations, Socialism began to lose its primitive character of extreme virulence and its outbursts became less and less frequent and violent.

The immediate results of the activity of the Fascisti were far from ideal, but the threatening clouds of an impending social cataclysm were dispelled. The lure of Bolshevism vanished. The Socialists were compelled to put water in their revolutionary wine and to turn to the Government for protection, forgetful of the days when they clamored for the abolition of the Guardia Regia. Strikes decreased and travel became safe and pleasant. Thousands of visitors reveled in it. Milan, one of the citadels of Socialism, the city whose administration is entirely in the hands of the Socialists, greeted the King with enthusiastic manifestations of loyalty, and the Crown Prince received quite as warm a welcome in Florence, another hotbed of Communism.

Alarmed by the continued thinning out in the Socialistic ranks, some of the leaders of the party in Parliament decided that the only remedy was to coöperate with the Government, to enter the Cabinet and renounce that systematic opposition which had been the dogma of Italian Socialism from the time of its birth. From 1900 the Socialists had often been invited to participate in the Government. They always refused so that they might not lose caste with the masses. The tactics of constant opposition to the Government was pleasing to the masses and was the strength of Socialism. It was sufficient for the Socialist Deputies to absent themselves from voting. The Government thus did not have them against it. In compensation the Socialists received laws agreeable to them, concessions of public work, or other favors, and when these laws were being enacted they were present and voted for the Government.

This change of tactics on the part of the Socialists had for its purpose, once they had entered into the Government, the use of the armed forces of the State against the Fascisti in order to ex-

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terminate them. It would have been civil war. The Fascisti, the Nationalists, the Liberals and some part of the Democrats in Parliament prevented the Government from accepting the collaboration of the Socialists until they recanted their past and swore to be faithful to the State and its institutions. This neither Turati nor Treves nor Modigliani nor others, about fifty in all, were willing to do. Moreover they were condemned not only by the other half of the Socialists in Parliament, but by the Maximalists and by the Communists who were opposed to collaboration, and favorable to violence and revolution. Finally Turati and others, in alliance with the part of the democracy that followed Nitti, and with the Popolari, sought to compel the collaboration which they had offered and which had not been accepted. This led to the fall of the Facta Cabinet and destroyed the hope of forming a new Cabinet in which this hybrid alliance might be accomplished.

This crisis provoked great discussion in the *Popolari* camp, in which there were found Conservatives and Bolshevists, like Signor Miglioli. Popolari Senators criticized the Government for its alliance with the Socialists, whose motto was always "Neither God nor master nor country". The better part of the Liberal press was against the Socialists, who, when they saw that a new Government would be formed without them, ordered a general strike in all Italy. The strike was partial only because many of them did not obey. The Fascisti proclaimed an ultimatum, commanding the workers in every public service to resume their labors in not later than forty-eight hours. Contemporaneously they mobilized their squadrons of action. There were 400,000 enrolled adherents, without counting the millions of sympathizers outside the party. The corps of action wore shirts similar to the red ones of the *Garibaldini*, but black. The Nationalistic corps which always coöperated with them wore blue shirts. In case of war Italy had thus another army outnumbering the standing army. On September 20, 1922, at Udine, Mussolini in a discourse to the mobilized Fascisti, said, "We are not only a party, we are an army"; and a conquering army they have shown themselves to be.

When the ultimatum expired the Fascisti entered into action,

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to put a violent end to the strike. The rout of the Socialists was complete, and from that day the defection in the ranks of the Socialists increased, and soon there was a real débâcle. At the Socialist Congress of Rome, in early October, 1922, it appeared that the party which once numbered half a million adherents was reduced to seventy thousand.

The new Government reconstituted by Facta was without Socialists. From that day there was in Italy much discussion of the advisability of proclaiming a dictatorship for the purpose of putting the house in order. The *Giornale d'Italia* and the *Messaggero*, and a great number of other journals throughout Italy, were favorable to Fascismo. For many years before the birth of Fascismo, "Rastignac", an exceptionally well informed observer and critic, insisted in the *Tribuna* that parliamentarianism was the source of all corruption, an injury and obstacle to the progress of the nation, and the threatened ruin of Italy. The Fascisti, seeing that the new ministry of Facta would continue to make the usual beautiful discourses, and be weak and undecided when confronted with the great problems that tormented Italy, began to proclaim the necessity of an electoral reform and of a new election because "The present Parliament does not any longer represent the country, a country spiritually and profoundly changed from the time of the last election" (1920). Meanwhile the Fascisti proclaimed that the great majority of Italians were in sympathy with them and that they therefore had the right to come to power.

As Facta and his Cabinet, backed by the Socialists, Popolari and Nittians, were hesitating about leaving their offices without a vote of Parliament, the Fascisti demanded a new election and marched on Rome. In asking for this they maintained that they were asking for their right to choose their own representatives. They no longer recognized the present members of the Lower House as their legitimate representatives, but claimed that they were holding their offices illegally—the Facta Cabinet being also illegal, as it had been chosen from a Chamber no longer holding office legitimately. The members tried to avert the dissolution of the House and new elections because they were conscious of having lost their prestige with their constituencies and of having incurred universal reprobation.

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The Fascisti's procedure in forcing the Cabinet to resign may not have been orthodox, but they wanted and were determined to bring before Parliament the amendment of the electoral law before election time—a needed reform for which Italy has been clamoring. It is scarcely the Socialists who will dare to find fault with this lack of orthodoxy, when it was their own Karl Marx who, in a deep study concerning certain historical crises, extolled above all else "the courage of having recourse to illegal action in moments of necessity".

Mussolini is recognized as the real organizer and inspirer of the Fascisti. He is an interesting figure—young, intelligent, practical, sincere, with a genius for organization and a worship for discipline. He is loyal to his ideals and to his sovereign. He has reminded his countrymen that Dante asked them, "Know ye the heavenly seed from which ye came?" and he has assured them that they were compacted that their minds and hearts be set aflame. Although a veteran of Socialism, he abandoned its ranks because his conscience prevented him from following its anti-war policy while the enemy was encamped on Italian soil.

The creed of the Fascisti is this: "The interests of Italy are above every other interest, above all competitions and ambitions of a personal nature." It is not a question of monarchy or of republic. They wish to moralize the country and they want a strong Government that knows how to govern without weakness and uncertainty. Italy needs not only a political conscience, but a nation of consciences. They not only demand honesty of government and discipline, but order and justice within the country and respect and fair play without the country. Discipline for everyone and work for everyone, both of which must be accepted and liked, is Mussolini's idea of regenerating the morale and morality of Italy. All thoughtful, right thinking Italy is with them, and in Fascismo it sees the only broom capable of sweeping away the microbes and germs that are polluting and threatening the nation. The slogan in Italy is "New men and new methods for the new times".

This development of Fascismo is surprising when one considers that it promised no material advantages save those that would flow from honest Government, discipline and hard work.

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It has cultivated no illusions and it has disseminated no delusions, as did the demagogues of Socialism. On the contrary, it destroyed them. To its adherents it offered danger and sacrifice, in the name of Italy. From the beginning its progress was obstructed by the immense difficulty of combating party resistance and the resistance of individuals and institutions that had the protection of the State. It also had to encounter the apathy, skepticism and ridicule of the greater part of the public. In other words, it had to conquer public opinion. That it succeeded no one need be told.

Had it not been for Fascismo, Italy might have gone to Bolshevism. Many who know little of Fascismo aside from the name have pretended to be scandalized at its methods. Illegality is always shocking—in normal times. But Italy has not been in normal condition for several years. All classes of people save professional politicians and *pescicani* have been dissatisfied. Disgust with the régime was widespread and the men in power, Parliament, the bureaucracy, the institutions, were distrusted and ridiculed. A state of pessimism and skepticism had become prevalent, as it had in France before the great revolution. The war brought them into the limelight. A Bolshevik outbreak would have caused the complete collapse of Italy. The emergency which thus developed required emergency measures and methods. Fascismo came as a salutary reaction; not a new phenomenon, but a common one in life and history. Fascismo arose as a movement antagonistic to the influences which were sapping the State—a movement of self-defense when defensive action on the part of the State was nil.

As for the success that Fascismo will have now that it has assumed the responsibility of the Government, it is well to recall the old saying: "The Tarpeian Rock is next to the Capitol." It is risky to prophesy, and this for several reasons. In the first place: We are confronted with a social compound which is rapidly changing. Fascismo of tomorrow may not be the same as that of today, just as the latter is not the Fascismo of yesterday. The ranks of the party have swollen tremendously with deserters from Socialism and Communism. It has been an abnormal growth, and Fascismo may not be able to assimilate these aliens

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without undergoing a change. Men who for thirty years have contemplated and planned the Socialist and Communist Utopia may change their minds in twenty-four hours, but can reliance be placed on these sudden conversions? Some surely are due to fear, some to self-interest, and some are not sincere. And no one is likely to deny that there is danger that the unstable mass which has passed to Fascismo may force the hand of its new leaders as it did with its former Socialist leaders in 1919.

Then again: The Liberal Party, many of whose members had, in this last generation, flirted with the Socialists, has recently sensed the change in the political aura of Italy, and in consequence has reorganized itself "along lines more in harmony with its old glorious principles", that is, turned toward Conservatism. Also recently the Liberals have claimed that Fascismo is the offspring of Liberalism: flesh of their flesh. The political secretary of the Fascisti party recently said: "The Liberal Party was a revolutionary bourgeois party during the Risorgimento. When the task of making Italy was accomplished it became the boss, the owner of the State, the breeding farm of all statesmen. Fascismo, with the whole nation behind it, has now taken its place. The Liberals, who are applauding the defeat of subversionism, fail to see that Fascismo has inherited the Socialist mission and all the problems which Socialism had failed to solve. Forty years of Socialism stand between Liberalism and Fascismo. The latter denies its would-be progenitor.

What Mussolini's foreign policy will be remains to be seen. That it gives much concern even to his admirers cannot be denied. He does not believe in the possibility of coöperation with the Slavs. He looks upon Yugo Slavia as an artificial construction in opposition to Italy; he maintains that the Treaty of Rapallo should be revised; that Italy's aspirations in the Near East are just and legitimate, and that the romantic period of foreign policy must be closed forever and Italy be guided in her external relations by financial and economic considerations. "Nothing for nothing" is the motto of his foreign policy.

His internal policy may be formulated, but it is subject to diurnal modification. He is not going to be a defender of the interests of Capitalism. His ambition is to create the Fascist

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Democracy of work. He has declared against the Governmental bureaucracy which has Italy in a Laöcoön grasp. But can he or Fascismo change it, reduce it, get rid of it? That they cannot make it efficient is the belief of many serious students of the science and art of government. It is a tool that they are bound to use without being able to improve or substitute, for even though they had the courage to undertake it a generation would not suffice to accomplish it. Fascismo may become the prisoner of the bureaucracy. Italy's administrative machine is the "*selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte*" of Dante. In the entanglements of that forest Fascismo may lose itself.

When the Fascisti held their meeting in Naples in October, 1922, it was evident that there were two governments in Italy: the Constitutional and the Fascismo, the former of which was trying to preserve its existence and the old political system against threatened extinction by the latter. It was the courageous decision and good sense of King Victor Emanuel, who would not permit the Facta Government to use armed forces against the Fascisti, that precipitated the *coup d'etat*. In the last days of the Congress at Naples, Bianchi, the Secretary-General of the Fascisti, proclaimed that the King should invite Mussolini, the leader of the Fascisti, to form the succeeding Government, this party being stronger than that of the Government. When Facta tried to remonstrate, Riccio, Minister of Public Works, stampeded the Cabinet and resigned, and Mussolini, thirty-eight years old, journalist and agitator, son of an ironmonger, was invited to Rome and became Prime Minister. His first declaration was: "Fascismo is neither revolutionary nor reactionary, but it is against a demagogue State. I am loyal to the Monarchy and to the House of Savoy."

And now Italy awaits the forthcoming election with perfect confidence, while anxiously scanning the horizon for a new Cavour. Meanwhile the outside world waits to see if Benito Mussolini can sacrifice his personality to the public cause.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

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DID THE KAISER TELL THE TRUTH?

BY STEPHANE LAUZANNE

The outcome of the treacherous malady which killed the Emperor Frederick III was frankly predicted to me at San Remo by the German physicians who had been called into consultation as experts by the English physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie. My deep grief and sorrow augmented in view of the fact that it was almost impossible for me to speak to my beloved father privately. He was guarded like a prisoner by the English physicians, and although newspapermen from all over the world could look in on the sick man from the physicians' room, all kinds of obstacles were put in my path to prevent me from being at my father's side. I was even prevented from keeping in constant touch with him by writing, my letters being often intercepted and not delivered. Moreover, among the group of observers, an infamous campaign of organized slander was launched against me in the newspapers. . . .

I DO not know why nor how it happened; but when this passage from the ex-Kaiser's *Memoirs* came to my attention, a whole episode, replete with romance and tragedy, came back to me from the reaches of memory. I saw once more in my mind's eye, some thirty years ago, there by the shore of the eternally blue Mediterranean, a white villa lost in a group of flowering orange trees. A man was suffering quietly on the veranda of the villa. A woman, upon whose features pride and energy inscribed themselves, was nursing him, while the doctors standing about discussed and argued the ways and means of saving the man's life. Nearby stood a boy—almost a child—who, eyes wide with curiosity, gazed upon a scene portentous in world history. The white villa was the Villa Zirio at San Remo. The sick man was the Crown Prince Frederick William, father of the future Kaiser William II. The woman was the Crown Princess Frederick, daughter of Queen Victoria of Great Britain. The boy was myself. I was covering the first assignment of my life as a cub reporter.

I was not quite fifteen years old; and I had come that Spring morning of 1888 to visit a man who was my uncle and at the

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same time one of the most celebrated newspapermen of the epoch, Blowitz, the well known correspondent of *The London Times*. I found him holding a letter in his hand, written on mauve colored paper. The writing was large but delicate, indicating a woman's hand, and was composed of but a single sentence: "If you want to know the truth about the San Remo tragedy, why don't you see Mme. Zirio?" I naturally asked him whom the letter came from, and who Mme. Zirio was.

"I don't know who sent me the letter," my uncle replied, "but I've often received similar missives since I entered the newspaper game. The mysterious and anonymous suggestions were not always written on mauve paper, nor were they always in a feminine handwriting; but I've always followed them up and never regretted doing so. As to Mme. Zirio, I've met her several times in the South of France. She was married to an Italian, Signor Baptistin Zirio, who was always ill. I can't see what connection there can be between her and the dying heir to the German throne. Yet, I feel a presentiment that it will be worth my while to see her. Will you come with me?"

I was only too glad to do so. We left at once for San Remo, and found the villa of Mme. Zirio, not far from the big white villa occupied by the Crown Prince of Germany. We were ushered into the parlor, where we noted on a stand, well in evidence, a large photograph autographed *Wilhelm*. It was a photograph of the future Kaiser, William II.

The lady of the house, a tall, handsome woman with brilliant black hair, did not keep us waiting very long. After exchanging the usual greetings, my uncle came to the point at once, thinking that the simplest course would be the best, and showed her the letter he had received. Mme. Zirio blushed, and then smiled.

"How strange!" she exclaimed. "I also received a similar letter, yesterday. It contained the single sentence, 'If you receive the visit of the well-known Blowitz, why not tell him the truth about the San Remo tragedy?' "

The three of us laughed heartily at this. But we were not long in deducing that, at any rate, the mysterious person who had written the two missives knew what she was about, for Mme. Zirio, whose name had never been pronounced before in con-

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nection with the case, was in reality the proprietor of the white villa, then occupied by the Crown Prince Frederick. It was she who had furnished it, arranged it, and engaged and trained the admirably discreet corps of servants and attendants that surrounded the sick Prince. It was she who had daily access to the interior of the Imperial habitation, and who was consulted hourly, day and night, as to what had best be done or left undone. It was she whom Prince William had visited during his stay of two days at San Remo, and to whom as a token of gratitude and friendship he had given his autographed photograph. Naturally, she knew the truth about the San Remo tragedy; and there, in her parlor, she gave us all the details.

The white villa was indeed the scene of a terrible drama. The sick man had brought with him a suite of German doctors, among whom was Professor Bergmann, and English doctors, the most prominent of whom was Sir Morell Mackenzie. And between these physicians the quarrel was almost tragic in its intensity. The English doctors accused Professor Bergmann of inefficiency; and the Germans accused Sir Morell Mackenzie of speculating in the Stock Exchange on the ups and downs of the Crown Prince's malady. The servants and attendants, who were all either German or English, reflected the dissension that reigned among the physicians. Not a moment of peace reigned between the parties. The struggle was silent but cruel. The two camps attacked and dishonored each other at every turn. They quarreled over everything. The sick man said nothing. He contented himself with gazing quietly upon the Princess, his wife, with his soft eyes, and looking to her for aid with tender confidence. He did not see save through her eyes, nor speak except through her lips. As she had placed all her confidence in the English physicians, he too placed his confidence there; and he often repeated to Sir Morell Mackenzie: "I ask but one thing, that you keep me alive long enough to permit me to give her courage and her devotion a proper recompense."

On November 9, 1887, at about 6.30 in the morning, he, who several months later became William II, got off the train at San Remo. The local authorities, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the

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aides-de-camp of the Crown Prince Frederick, met him at the station. With his usual spontaneity, Prince Henry rushed forward to throw himself into the arms of his older brother, as he had not seen him for some weeks. Prince William stopped this fraternal gesture with his usual vainglorious pride. He showed himself proud, official, and hierarchic. In one minute everybody present understood that it was the master of the morrow who had arrived and that the man who had descended from the train was not a devoted child who was anxious to see his sick father, but a visitor who merely desired to see the progress of events for himself. When he arrived at the villa, he was ushered into the sick-room, and remained with his father about ten minutes, showing himself deferential but cold. He then announced: "I want to see the doctors."

He called them into conference and, after listening to the explanations of Sir Morell Mackenzie with indifference, and to those made by the German physicians with interest, he concluded the discussion brusquely: "If my father is suffering from a cancer in the throat," he declared, "it is something that never relents. . . . He cannot survive."

That afternoon he took a walk with his brother and sisters, Prince Henry, Princess Victoria, then engaged to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and Princess Sophie, now Queen of Greece. He walked in front of them, as if he were alone and his companions were but his simple servitors. At times he turned to them and spoke with brief brusqueness in jerky, impatient expletives. He was particularly exalted and animated as he spoke of Bismarck. The name fell ceaselessly from his lips. He professed a profound admiration for the Iron Chancellor, and praised everything he did. He was a great patriot, a grand diplomat, a splendid orator, a wonderful economist, and even an excellent general; he was force personified; he knew everything. "Our mother," he said, "has shown herself strangely short-sighted in placing English science above German science, which Bismarck, who is never mistaken, has placed above all the others." The following day, German science had spoken! At a medical council held under the presidency of Prince William, which lasted two hours, the German doctors had triumphed in

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their views. They claimed that the Crown Prince suffered from a cancer in the throat, and that it was necessary to perform the operation of tracheotomy. At the same time that this grave decision had been taken, Prince William announced that he would leave the following day, November 12, at 9 o'clock in the morning. He thus stayed with his dying father but forty-eight hours.

That evening he visited Mme. Zirio in her small villa, near that where his father lay in agony, and at the same time gave her the autographed photo that we had seen in her parlor.

"Your leaving so soon," Mme. Zirio remarked, "is very reassuring. It no doubt means that the condition of the Crown Prince is better, and that the consultation at which you presided this morning was favorable."

The Prince looked at her sternly, and replied in a hard voice: "Not at all. My father, as was already foreseen when I left Berlin, is lost. His trouble, according to the doctors, is absolutely cancerous. His death is a question of several weeks—perhaps days. I am leaving because there is nothing more to be hoped for in prolonging my visit. The Emperor, my grandfather, is very weak. The Czar is coming to Berlin, and my presence there is indispensable. I trust that I shall still have time to come back here." There was silence. Finally, Mme. Zirio asked: "Will your Highness permit me to say, '*Au revoir*, Emperor-to-be'?" "Certainly," he replied; adding: "But, you know that I, when I shall be Emperor—I shall be Emperor." He then left, and the next day quit San Remo.

At 11 o'clock in the morning of February 9, 1888, the Crown Prince and Princess entered an open carriage for a short drive along the coast. Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Bramann, aide to Dr. Bergmann, were standing in the doorway to aid the sick man. The Crown Prince was very pale, almost as white as a sheet. As a blanket was being placed over his knees, he put his hand to his throat and murmured: "I am suffering horribly."

Doctor Mackenzie looked at Dr. Bramann and made a sign to the coachman to wait. "This drive is an imprudence," he remarked. "It will be better for the Prince to re-enter." Then turning to Dr. Bramann, he whispered: "We must decide at once. It may be too late to-morrow. We must operate to-day."

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"But," Dr. Bramann objected, "my chief, Professor Bergmann, isn't here. I can never take the responsibility for this operation on myself."

"Well!" Dr. Mackenzie exclaimed, "I'll take the responsibility. We shall operate this afternoon."

The Crown Prince threw aside the blanket that covered his knees, and stepped out of the carriage. He was then helped to his room. An iron bed was brought up, and the head-bar was broken in order that it might not be in the way. The bed was placed in the middle of the room, a red cushion was put on the pillows, and the instruments were prepared for the operation. Calm and energetic, the Crown Princess witnessed all these preparatives.

"I don't want anything said regarding the operation," she ordered. "At one o'clock I want all to be at the table as usual."

Her orders were carried out to the letter, and at one o'clock, all except the doctors were at the table, knowing nothing regarding the impending operation.

At the same time, Dr. Mackenzie asked Dr. Bramann: "Are you ready?"

"Yes," the latter replied.

The operation began; and three-quarters of an hour later, the door of the dining room opened, and the Crown Princess, a bit pale, appeared in the doorway, and exclaimed: "It is over! Fritz has the tube in his throat."

After that day, the Crown Prince no longer spoke. Inarticulate sounds came from his mouth; and when he wanted to express his desires he was obliged to write them out on a piece of paper. The Princess redoubled her tender and devoted care of the sick man. A sort of fever kept her going continually. She remained beside the bed of her sick husband day and night. It was only at dawn, in the dim light of early morning, that the little door that opened on the garden saw the exit of a woman, whose heavy veil hardly hid her eyes red with weeping, and features contracted under the strain of continual mental agony. It was the Crown Princess who took the moment for exercise, while the doctors were changing the bandages and continued their arguments over the sick man.

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At eight o'clock she was back, tired and dusty, and from that moment she did not quit her husband's bedside. She tried to endow him with her energy and force. She prolonged the resistance of his body by strengthening his soul. She had but one idea, but one thought—that the dying man might mount the steps of the throne. She wanted him to live long enough to be something else than merely Crown Prince Frederick.

And she succeeded!

On March 8, 1888, while I was sitting in Mme. Zirio's parlor, listening to her story of the tragedy, of which each word still sounds in my ears, a theatrical climax occurred. The parlor door was suddenly opened, and a servant rushed in all out of breath,

"Madame!" she exclaimed. "Do you know the news?"

"No," she replied, astonished at the sudden irruption. "What is it?"

"We received it from the White Villa," the girl continued. "The old Emperor is dead. A grand scene is taking place next to us!"

The three of us left for the White Villa at once. Night had fallen. We entered the big parlor on the ground floor, which was brilliantly lighted up, and where the entire household, now become Imperial, were gathered. Doctors, aides-de-camp, ladies-in-waiting, and servants, were all placed according to rank and honor, forming a circle. In the middle sat the man who was to be Emperor and the woman who was to be Empress.

At this solemn hour, Frederick William was as handsome as in the days of his youth. I still see his tall figure, his calm face framed by a silver beard, his sad blue eyes, and his melancholy smile. A black scarf was thrown about his neck, hiding the tube that had been placed in his throat.

He approached a small table in the middle of the room with a firm and steady step, and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, which an officer read aloud. It was the official announcement of the death of Kaiser William I, and his own accession to the throne as Kaiser Frederick III. The new Kaiser then approached the Kaiserin and made a deep and reverent bow, as if he would pay homage to her valiant courage, and with a grave and tender gesture passed about her neck the ribbon of the Black Eagle.

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The Kaiserin, her eyes bathed in tears, threw herself into the arms of Frederick III, and both of them, standing thus in a long embrace, gave full vent to the tears they had heroically held back so long. The entire household then passed before the new Kaiser. When Sir Morell Mackenzie passed before him, Frederick III seized both of his hands, and drew him to the little table, where he had signed his accession to the throne. Here he wrote again: "I thank you for having caused me to live long enough to recompense the splendid courage of my wife."

One hour later, all the lights were put out in the White Villa. The tragedy of San Remo was over—that of Berlin was about to begin.

I have related this tragedy just as I had seen it, and as my uncle had noted it in his account. I do not know whether "all kinds of obstacles were placed in the ex-Kaiser's path to keep him from his father's side"; but I do know that he did not try very hard to remove these obstacles, and that, to the astonishment of all, he came to San Remo not as a loving son anxious over the condition of his dying father, but as an heir desiring to know how much longer he might be obliged to wait before he could enter into his heritage.

I do not know whether, "among the group of observers, an infamous campaign of organized slander was launched in the newspapers" against him; but I do know that some of these observers, gazing upon the accomplishment of the most regrettable of tragedies under the most beautiful of skies, were sadly struck by the fact that, despite the courage and energy of the splendid woman who held the fortress at the White Villa like a man, her son, a man in the full vigor of his youth, acted with the vanity and pusillanimous ambition of a woman.

"A Kaiser has no friends," William II remarked to Theodore Roosevelt, when the latter visited his court. "He is pitiless."

We may add that a Kaiser, apparently, has no relatives—he is heartless!

STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

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THE FUTURE OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

BY B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE

In every industrialized country we may roughly test the progress of industry by asking two questions: First, are Capital and Labor fully and efficiently employed? Secondly, is the worker's standard of life gradually rising? In discussing these questions, let us first consider purely economic developments, and then go on to the more human elements.

I do not propose to analyze at length the economic situation as we find it to-day. Probably, however, we all know that the productive power of the world has so greatly increased as a result of the war that production has outrun consumption. Of course, when we say that, we only mean that production has outrun the power to consume at a given price. Directly after the war, people began expanding their factories, not in Great Britain only, but all over the world, laying down plants far beyond what was needed to supply the possible demand. We were passing through a period of fictitious prosperity. Employers were well off, and workers were well off. They had been paid during the war out of capital, and there was a shortage of goods. Thus, with wealthy people on the one hand and a shortage of goods on the other, the natural result followed. Consumers clamored for the goods—they did not much mind what they paid for them, and there was a tremendous boom in trade. We had rising prices, and rising profits, and both employers and workers got into very bad ways. They imagined that they could maintain prosperity without the condition essential to fundamental prosperity—namely, hard work. It was easy to make money in 1919, and we confused making money with the actual creation of fresh wealth, or establishing a pull on the world's wealth. Now the bubble has been pricked. Directly prices began to drop, the depression began, and it descended like an avalanche. Many people saw prices dropping; and refused

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to buy one day because they thought to-morrow they would buy cheaper. They still think that, and they only buy what is absolutely necessary. Now, of course, many others cannot afford to buy, and the longer the depression lasts, the larger will be the proportion of these people. The only way in which we can reëstablish industry is to lower the cost of the articles we are selling. There is no other way, and that truth holds good not in Great Britain only but in the whole world. Now comes the question—how can we do it?

There are four possible ways: (1) to lower the overhead expenses in business; (2) to lower the price of raw materials; (3) to lower profits, and (4) to lower the cost of labor. Let us review them briefly.

We can do something when once we get busy, in lowering overhead expenses, though we cannot do it very substantially until we are actually busy. In every large factory there is an enormous overhead outlay, which goes on whether we are working at half speed or full speed or more than full speed. But although we cannot avoid certain parts of it, we can make economies here and there. By more careful planning, we can do with less stock, and turn our capital over more frequently. By careful costing, we can see that waste is eliminated—waste of power, for example, and waste of steam. But when all is said and done, the amount we can save is limited, and in any case such improvements as I have indicated can only come gradually.

Then there are raw materials. Supposing we could obtain our raw materials more cheaply, it would be possible for us to sell our product at a lower price, but the raw material of one industry is the finished product of another. Sugar, for instance, is the raw material of the chocolate manufacturer, but it is the finished product of the sugar refiner. Similarly, iron and cotton are the raw materials of many industries, but the finished products of others. Therefore, since, throughout the whole world, producers of raw materials and producers of goods in their final stages of manufacture are equally suffering from the present trade depression, we can find no solution of our present problem by passing it on to some other party in the same danger as ourselves. Of course, we may really effect something positive by

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the application of science. If we can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before; or manufacture something by synthetic means which is at present obtained at high cost in some other way, we can get a reduction in the cost of our raw material. But anyone who has undertaken chemical research knows that this is a slow and costly process. We must work at it constantly, for it is very important, but it is no immediate solution of our present problem.

Then there are profits. Can we get very much out of profits? We have to remember that to-day we have a buyers' market, not a sellers' market. The employer cannot determine the price at which he is going to sell. The buyer has the upper hand, and every employer is anxious to sell even at a very narrow margin of profit, or even at no profit at all so long as he can just turn over his capital. While, then, in a time of trade prosperity, like 1919, it was possible to effect a saving by lowering profits, it is impossible to do so to any extent in a time of trade depression such as this.

There is a good deal of careless thinking on the subject of profits and great play is made by a certain class of writers and speakers, of enterprises which are very successful, but little is said of those which fail. It is well that we should remember that profit is not something stolen from the workers, but it represents the rent paid for the hire of capital, and that an adequate supply of capital is essential to industrial prosperity. It must be remembered that no industrial enterprise can continue for long that is not making enough profit to keep it from becoming financially anæmic. Such a condition is opposed to the interests of Labor just as much as of Capital, for it checks all development, and thus restricts the demand for labor. Now capital in itself is a dead thing. Just like plums, or eggs, or anything else, we go into the market and buy it as cheaply as possible. Its price is mainly regulated by supply and demand, and we need have no compunction at all in getting it as cheaply as we can. But we must have capital under any scheme of industry, syndicalism, socialism, or capitalism. The question we have to ask is whether the price paid for it at the present time is excessive. Here we must strike an average. One company

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perhaps is making 60 per cent. But in another company the whole of the capital is lost. We must weigh these two facts against one another. Supposing the means of production were nationalized, the nation would have to bear the losses as well as get the profits, and the question is whether after having borne all the losses, a nationalized industry would obtain capital any cheaper than it is obtained to-day. I do not know what the answer is. It would be a very interesting investigation. We must face facts with regard to this as with everything else, and recognize that we can only get capital either by hiring it, in which case we must be prepared to pay at least the lowest reward for which people will save, or else by making industry provide its own capital as it goes along. In either case, the provision of the necessary capital will figure as an item in the cost of production. So we come to our last item—namely, labor cost.

Let me make it quite clear that when I refer to labor cost, I am not necessarily referring to wages. What an employer pays for is not so many men, or so many hours of a man's time. It is so much productivity. What the employer has to watch is the total cost of his labor in the manufacture of an article. If we leave the productivity of the workers as it is, without attempting to increase it, we can only get industry going again by bringing down actual wages. There is no way out of the impasse. We cannot sell our goods at present prices. Therefore, we must reduce our price, which involves reducing labor cost; and if the productivity per man remains unaltered, we can only reduce labor cost by lowering wages. But why should we not increase the productivity per unit of labor, and thus increase the output? Take a factory in which there are 5,000 workers, and suppose that the management is just able to sell the result of their labor. If to-morrow they began increasing their output by 20 per cent, and the whole 5,000 were retained, they would manufacture 20 per cent more goods. Then the question would arise: "Can this increased output be absorbed? Can it be sold?" The answer, of course, would depend upon the demand. But if increased productivity, and any other saving that could be effected, enabled the firm to reduce the price of the article sufficiently, the increased demand for it at a lower price might

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absorb the whole of the surplus goods. On that hypothesis, of course, the workers would produce more per hour of work, for no higher pay. They would be working, not perhaps harder, but more effectively. But they would all be employed, and though the direct result of the increased output would be to benefit the consumer, we must remember that wage-earners are themselves consumers. If a similar increase in productivity per unit, leading to a lowering of the price were obtained in all industries, the whole of the increased output might be absorbed, and consequently, although the workers might receive the same money wage, they would be buying their goods more cheaply. Thus, their real wages, or their actual purchasing power, would be higher.

Now, in most countries there is a very large margin of unemployed workers, and one of the great problems confronting us is to absorb it. Taking England as a unit, if a concerted effort were made to lower production costs more quickly than in other countries, I think there is very little doubt that we could greatly increase our export trade. We should be able to sell a larger amount of goods, and it is possible that we should absorb our unemployed. In this connection we must remember that about 30 per cent of the value of the goods that leave the factory gates of England are sent abroad, and 70 per cent are consumed at home. That shows how largely we are dependent upon an export trade.

Now, we may rightly ask ourselves if it is just materialistic selfishness to advocate an immediate and enthusiastic effort to reduce production costs in this country, and to calculate that if we do so we shall be able to increase our trade abroad. Do we not win our foreign markets at the expense of other countries?

I would like, therefore, to suggest that in all our industrial policy, no matter what it is, we should apply the following tests to our industrial methods.

(I) Industry should create goods or provide services of such kind and in such ratio as may be beneficial to the community taking that word in the widest sense and not losing sight of the interests of humanity as a whole.

(II) In the process of wealth production, industry should pay

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the greatest possible regard to the general welfare of the community and pursue no policy detrimental to it.

(III) Industry should distribute the wealth produced in such a manner as will best serve the highest ends of the community.

If our industrial methods fail to pass these three tests, they are wrong.

But I submit that if we maintain free trade, "winning markets" really means rendering the most effective service. In selling manufactured goods more cheaply, we are rendering the world, in that respect, a better service than other nations, and only in so far as we succeed in doing this shall we win foreign markets. There is another point to bear in mind. At the present time, the cost of our manufactured goods is so high that in Australia, in Japan, in South Africa, and in other countries, people say: "We really cannot continue to grow raw materials and exchange them with Great Britain for manufactured goods, because her goods are so dear: we get so little from her in exchange that the transaction is not worth while." So they adopt one of two courses. They either do without the goods, or they begin to manufacture goods themselves. Thus, we are failing to render to the nations the service which we have rendered in the past, namely, to manufacture goods for them so efficiently, so economically, that it pays them to go on producing raw materials where it can be done to the greatest advantage, and then exchanging these raw materials with our manufactured goods. They are obliged to adopt an economically undesirable course and make goods themselves, while we lose our job as manufacturers for the world.

There is, however, one contingency which I must face quite frankly. In spite of the fact that ultimately, the workers can only gain by the increased productivity per unit which enables prices to be lowered, the immediate effect of that increase may be, and probably will be, an increase of unemployment. We cannot refuse to face this possible result of dislocation and of a transitional stage. But I think, in fact I am sure, that it will only be temporary, and it may be brief. The fact is that, speaking industrially, Great Britain and some other countries have had a drunken bout. A drunken man, I believe, passes

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through a period of great elation, when all the world looks rosy. Then comes the sobering process—it is bound to come, but it is not pleasant, and it involves a violent headache. We must become industrially sober before we can carry on; and we must pay the penalty of that drunken bout in which we have indulged.

To look back for a moment—how did we in Great Britain secure the world markets? How did we become a manufacturing country? Firstly, we got a start. We had coal and iron and a fine sea coast; we were placed geographically in an advantageous position, and we had the pull of the rest of the world. Secondly—and this was by no means a thing to be proud of nationally—we sold cheaply, in the markets of the world, very largely because we underpaid our labor, in comparison, for instance, with Canada, Australia, the United States and New Zealand. Now, to-day, we have lost both those advantages—I am using the word in its economic sense. First, we have no longer got the start; and secondly, as regards the payment of labor, we are much nearer to Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the United States than we have ever been before. Even if there had been no crisis, no great depression, we should have run the great risk of losing our export market, unless we had regained our lost ground by greater efficiency.

Now, what must we do? We must increase our industrial efficiency. I make no apology at all for reiterating the word "efficiency". We have been discussing various ways in which it may be increased, and we must go on studying those ways with all possible care and earnestness. We must work very hard, and we must be bold and progressive, going right out into the world—into Japan, China, and Mexico, and doing all we can to capture those foreign markets.

I think we might do something towards reducing the volume of unemployment by encouraging emigration. I do not look on that as a policy of despair. Recently there has been a tendency for the processes of manufacture to develop more rapidly than the processes concerned with the production of raw materials, so that the manufacturing population is getting topheavy as compared with the population engaged in agriculture, and the

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like. To rectify that lack of balance by getting some of our people to go out and produce raw materials will tend towards industrial stability. I think it is extremely important that we should all of us face the fact that there is no smooth road to good times. It is a hard road that we have to tread, and it cannot be made easy by mere kindly sentiment, or even good will. There are certain economic corners that have to be turned; and there are certain economic laws with which we are bound to comply.

Now, is it not possible for us to arrive at some way of meeting the economic situation without Capital and Labor fighting each other? We need unselfish patriotism in industry to-day, just as much as it was needed in the time of war. Here are we as a nation, and, for the matter of that, as a world community, up against very serious economic difficulties, and we shall never overcome them if each party thinks primarily of itself, and only secondarily of the other parties. Can we not approach the problem in a patriotic spirit that embraces the whole world, and ask what service we can render? What can we all do to help this old world to win through, against the tremendous odds which it has to face? We must get rid of suspicion and selfishness, and all engaged in industry must do their part.

The crux of the matter is the human element in business—the relationship between the employer and the worker. Is it possible, under the existing system of industry, to secure their cordial coöperation? To do so is essential if both Capital and Labor are to be fully and efficiently employed, and if the worker's standard of life is to rise.

Frankly, I think that if, by a process of evolutionary changes, it is not possible to secure such coöperation, the position is absolutely desperate. In a highly industrialized country such as England, dependent for its very life on export trade, which must be fought for, inch by inch, in a keenly competitive world market, to attempt by revolutionary methods to replace the capitalistic system by something else, would be to commit national suicide.

Suppose you overthrow that system to-morrow; what are you going to put in its place? Within a month, if you would avoid starvation, you must substitute a system capable of successfully competing in the markets of the world, and of

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getting forty-five million people out of bed in the morning, washed, clothed, fed, and back to bed again every day!

I do not want to shirk any criticism of Capitalism, and certainly not to discourage study and wise experiments as to any desirable changes which may be made in it, but I regard as a dangerous enemy of his country the irresponsible revolutionary whose policy is merely destructive, and who has nothing to substitute for what he takes away. I believe our only hope is to evolve, as rapidly as may be, out of our system as we find it to-day, to something better, and this can only be done by changing men's perspective, their motives and ideals. Change these, and the system will soon remould itself to interpret a new dynamic. The present system, like all others, is merely an instrument for carrying out the desires of the men who made it. Change human desires, replace selfishness by unselfishness; and a spirit of acquisitiveness by a spirit of service, and then, those engaged in industry will develop it in the interest not of a class but of the whole community.

I want to say a few words to employers. Employers are sometimes called captains of industry, and I would like us to regard ourselves as captains. Now, a good Army captain, while doing his utmost to win the war, is ever mindful of his men. He often has to lead them into danger—sometimes to death—yet he seeks, whenever it is possible, to secure their safety and wellbeing. He is more mindful of them than of himself. He does not refuse the privileges of an officer, but neither does he abuse them, or forget that they entail proportionate responsibilities. So I appeal to employers for intense sympathy with the men they are leading.

Now this must take practical form, and I think that there are five things we must do.

First of all, with regard to wages—let us always ask ourselves how much can we afford to give, not how little can we induce men to work for. There is no blinking the fact that the standard of many of our working people is too low. We want to raise it, and we cannot do so with soft words and with kindly thoughts. In the main, we must raise it by efficient administration and organization, and every time we fail, or slack, or do slipshod

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work, we are not only cheating ourselves, but our men. We are defrauding them. Let us work, not merely for dividends, or profits, but to make it possible for industry to pay a better wage to its rank and file workers. Perhaps this cannot be done to-morrow. Wages may even have to drop, but let us do all we can to avoid that contingency. If, as a last resort, we cannot help it—well, our men will say: "They have done their best."

I can quite conceive that especially at a time like the present it may be advisable for those responsible for the conduct of industry, to say to their men: "We admit that the wages paid are not as high as we should like to see them, but we dare not make them any higher. We dare not handicap ourselves in relation to our competitors. But let us make a bargain of this kind. We will pay the standard wage. We will pay at the market price for whatever supplies of capital we need for the maintenance and development of our industry. After that, if there is any profit, let us divide it. Let us come to some fair arrangement." That scheme might be a very sound one. If we do not make the profit, the men will not get it, and neither shall we, but if we do, we shall go to the men and say: "Here it is. We have earned it through our joint activities."

With regard to hours, we do not want to go back to the twelve-hour day. But, in existing circumstances, it would be opposed to the interests of the workers to reduce hours below the level which makes for the maximum productivity, assuming, of course, that it leaves a reasonable amount of leisure to the worker.

With regard to security, in outlining the kind of policy which an employer who really recognizes his responsibility as a captain of industry would pursue, I am quite sure that we must do all we can to get rid of the horror of economic insecurity. We ought to have done so decades ago. But here I will only say that industry must accept, unless the State does it, the responsibility for maintaining in periods of enforced idleness the reserve workers who are necessary for the functioning of industry. In some way or other this must be done, and I want to ask all employers of labor who read these words whether they can work out some way of minimizing any risk of temporary unemployment which may be run by their workers if they increase production.

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Finally, there is the status of the worker. I look upon this as something which will follow from a real sympathy felt for the worker by the employer. We live in a democratic country, but to some extent democracy has to cease when the worker passes the factory gates. But the sympathy for which I have appealed will make the thoughtful employer ask himself—"Is it reasonable that just because I happen to represent capital, which is only one of the essential factors in successful industry, while the other man represents labor, another essential factor in industry, I should always dictate the terms under which we both work?" It is only fair that working conditions should be jointly agreed upon.

Those are the five practical applications which I think we may give to our sense of sympathy with the workers—Wages, hours, security, a share in the profits, and improved status.

Now I want to ask any workers who happen to read these words, to go half way to meet any employer who is honestly trying to help them. I want to ask them to unite with employers in solving the great difficulties which confront us at the present time. I want them to create a public opinion against the slackers —I want them, like employers, to keep the thought of service in their minds. I want them to spare some sympathy for the industrial administrator who is up against great difficulties. I want them to consider these problems of industry without selfishness and without suspicion, to confer frankly with the employers over the difficult problems which confront both.

On those lines I believe we can get a solution of our present difficulties. But for a country that goes on losing eighty-six million working days in a year—as Great Britain did in 1921, through strikes and lockouts—there is no solution possible. And so, as generally happens when we discuss any political or social or industrial problem, it finally resolves itself into a spiritual problem. Let us be unselfish. Let us keep the thought of the other man constantly in our mind. Let us be willing to spend our lives with unflinching determination in the service of the community, and then we shall win through.

B. Seebohm Rowntree.

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"THE DIAL PLATE OF TIME"

BY HENRY W. BUNN

On a nice calculation of the gains and losses, of the good and evil hap, of the twelvemonth preceding Armistice Day, 1922, there is perhaps little to choose between the two sums. There's the Irish settlement—that's to the good; but then there's the resurgence of Turkey—that is (whatever Pierre Loti would have said) to the bad. There's the Washington Conference—beneficent, surely; but put in the opposite scale Genoa and The Hague, with half of the world talking repudiation and the other half concessions, and always the smell of petroleum—Oil, Oil, destined to replace Religion, Backstairs Intrigue and Self Determination as your chief breeder of bate and mischief in the world. There are Everest-scaling heroes, and there are New York landlords. Nothing is but has its opposite. Ormuzd and Ahriman equally divide the universe. One must not be a pessimist, of course; but, looking back and peering forward, I do not feel justified in a cheerful prognostication. Yet man, the everlasting gull, even if he be a Job or a Dean Inge, will always entertain a *soupçon* of a hope that in some unexpected quarter something blithe will turn up.

So I, methinks I behold emerge from the chaos, from the faction, the New China; that is, the Old China with youth renewed. All the arts will revive, and again ye shall see the dewy freshness of Ching and Ch'u, the fierce energy and spiritual power of the T'ang masters, the supple grace, the easy majesty, the supreme elegance of the Sung era. There will be a Renaissance. . . .

Had De Tocqueville been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon and to dwell amongst us during the twelvemonth ended on Armistice Day, what would that great observer and philosopher have noted as most significant in our history in the making?

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I think he would have noted as of chief significance the enormous development since, ninety years ago, he was a "chiel amang us takin' notes", of the tyranny of public opinion—whether the opinion of a majority, or, what is worse, of a highly-organized minority usurping the prerogatives of a majority. The best passages in De Tocqueville's incomparable work are those in which he expresses his apprehension that this tyranny of public opinion, exercised with reference to matters properly left to private opinion, might in time wreck the Republic. He would have noted in this connection the attempt in Kentucky (which barely failed of success, and to which Mr. Bryan lent his prestige and his silver tongue) to procure passage of a law prohibiting the teaching in schools supported or aided by State funds, of "evolution as relating to the origin of man"; he would have noted the popular vote in Oregon ratifying the State Act which requires all children (with certain very limited exceptions) between the ages of eight and sixteen, to attend public school; he would have noted the sundry efforts (not all in vain) to tighten and extend censorship over this and over that, to revive old blue laws and enact new and bluer ones, to send to Coventry whoever should have the temerity to contradict Demos. He would have noted these things, and would eagerly have expected Hermes summoning him back to the Elysian fields.

As I see it, the past twelvemonth in our country has been chiefly remarkable for multiplying instances of the tyranny of public opinion. The best suggestion I can make in the premises is that all our citizens, of whatever sex, age, or color, and especially our legislators, spend their days and nights in the reading of De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*.

The year saw two great industrial struggles in the United States—one marked by the strike of all the unionized coal miners of the country, the other by the strike of some 400,000 railroad shopmen. After five months, the strike of the miners was ended dubiously and indecisively. Deflation has at least been delayed for the mining industry and the principle of arbitration of wages seems to have received the *coup de grâce*. In the coming spring difficult negotiations will end successfully or in another strike. On most of the railroads hostilities have ceased—ending in vic-

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tory for the managements or in cloudy agreements. On the whole, there is peace on the railroads—a peace of sorts, a precarious peace. The miners' strike will forever be remembered for an incident the most hideous and disgraceful in human annals —the Herrin massacre. The behavior of the shopmen justified the President's comment thereon to Congress. "There is," said he, "a state of lawlessness shocking to every conception of American law and order, and violating the cherished guarantees of American freedom."

But, strikes or no strikes, no doubt we shall shog along comfortably enough during the coming year, our food production being far beyond our necessities and our population far this side the saturation point. Our self-love, too, will make shift to explain away the Herrin massacre (that *chef d'œuvre* of a year distinguished for a bumper crop of murders) and whatever else may seem to contradict our boast of being "a people the most moral . . . ", etc., etc.

Of the Federal legislation of the twelvemonth, perhaps the most significant was that affecting our "preparedness". The Army Appropriation Act carries retrenchment to the point of practically nullifying the National Defense Act, and the Naval Act cuts the navy below the strength required for efficiently manning the ships left by the Five-Power Treaty. Reversion to the condition of helplessness which existed before the war seems to satisfy the people.

The Coöperative Marketing Act calls for especial remark as the legislative firstfruits of the activity of the farm *bloc*.

The Republicans, in the delectable vulgar phrase, "got theirs" on November 4. Their majority in the next House will be only 17 instead of the present 165, and in the Senate 10 instead of the present 24. And, what's worse from the Elephantine point of view, the Progressives or Independents and other irregulars or malcontents within the Republican Party will hold the balance of power in the 68th Congress. What that portends, I leave to the quidnuncs. I expect fun and fireworks.

Our foreign policy, apart from the Washington Conference, has been—well, cautious. The latest invitation to be declined was that to the Lausanne Conference on the Near East. Our policy of

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"the open door and equal opportunity" has been continued with success. An admirable policy, and admirably urged. But it seems to have struck a snag in the Turk. The Turk has slammed the door tight. "Equal opportunity," yes; but in the sense that there will be no opportunity for anybody unless he be a Moslem, or, maybe, a Bolshevik. What success the Allies may have in extricating our chestnuts, remains to be seen.

The most famous achievement of the Washington Conference —the agreement as to capital ships—was a formal recognition by the Powers of the fact that the capital ship is obsolescent, that money spent on capital ships is so much good coin thrown away, representing a huge economic loss. The world was rightly astonished—one is still bewildered—by such an exhibition of international common sense. But far more significant, though less dramatic, was the decision of the Conference that "it is not at present practicable to impose effective limitations upon the number and characteristics of aircraft, either commercial or military." Our acceptance of the *status quo* as to fortifications and naval bases in the Philippines and Guam, which seemed to some a sublime act of faith, should be considered in the light of the above. Fortifications, naval bases, ships, all are vulnerable to attack by aircraft. The future of war is in the air. "And what prophylactic measures shall we adopt, we, who are sincerely desirous to pacify the world?" said the conferees to one another. "None," was the answer, "for none would be effective."

There seems to be a general opinion that the Conference did little for China. On the contrary, I think the Conference did all that it behooved it to do for China; the China, that is, of the Eighteen Provinces. As to Manchuria, that is another story, too complicated for consideration here; and so is Mongolia, the protégé of Moscow. The conferees concurred, I think sincerely, in a policy contemplating ultimate complete emancipation of the Eighteen Provinces, to be accomplished by discreet stages, and they set on foot certain admirable practical arrangements pursuant thereto. Complete emancipation of China presupposes a Government competent to exercise full sovereignty; a Government not yet in sight. It should be remembered, when consider-

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ing what the Conference did for China, that the Shantung negotiation, though nominally apart from the Conference, was really part and parcel thereof.

"Well, then, the Conference broke down on Siberia," a doubting Thomas will say. "The Japanese walked right over us Americans." It did look like that. But it was announced the other day that the Japanese had completely evacuated the Siberian mainland. The Japanese were allowed to "save face" at the Conference; and then they did what we wanted them to do. And, again, the Japanese, without any commitment thereto, have evacuated their principal garrison in China—the Hankow garrison. These be indirect results of the Washington Conference, not less important than some direct results.

The outstanding matter of the twelvemonth in the British Empire was the Irish settlement. To be sure, the settlement is not yet complete, but the leaders of all the British parties are pledged to ratification of the Constitution of the Free State and other necessary consummating legislation. On the day when the Irish Free State acquires full legal status as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the whole world will say, "Godspeed!" except, of course, de Valera and his "irregulars", who continue to carry on a guerrilla warfare against their countrymen, marked by infamous cruelty and wanton destruction.

By the grace of Allah and the British Parliament, Egypt has become a kingdom; but the British gift is not to be considered consummated until enactment of an Egyptian Constitution which shall contain clauses accepting and sanctioning the reservation of certain rights to the British, and until certain indemnity and other arrangements (chiefly for the relief of discharged British officials) have been carried out. Among the rights which Britain stipulates to retain are the right to take such measures as may be necessary to protect the property and personal rights of foreigners in Egypt, and the right to maintain in Egypt the garrisons necessary to safeguard the imperial communications through the Suez Canal and into the Sudan; the latter area to remain under British rule. When the British Government provisionally renounced the Protectorate, it was not thought neces-

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sary to set down in writing the well-understood condition that the Egyptian Government must demonstrate the disposition and the capacity to protect foreign lives and property pending fulfillment of the conditions named. About the first of August, Field Marshal Lord Allenby, Lord High Commissioner of Great Britain in Egypt, handed the Egyptian Premier a note from the British Government to the effect that, unless the Egyptian Government should at once take order effectively to protect foreign lives and property, the British Government would resume its former degree of control in the land of the Nile. The news from Egypt since the delivery of that note has been most meagre. Between Lord Allenby, on the one hand, who insists that the conditions of the gift of his royal honors shall be fulfilled, and the Levantine scum of Cairo, on the other, who insist that they shall not, King Fuad is hard put to it. 'Tis a pity he should be unking'd, for never did a king so enjoy kinging it; but, since he assumed the crown, the great British riverine works have been neglected, the desert has begun to encroach upon the sown, and in Upper Egypt the bandits hold full sway. So much for Self Determination, which in Egypt means the turning over of the fellaheen to the tender mercies of the most rapacious and cruel set of landlords and officials in the world, and the renunciation of that unexampled material prosperity which has been built up since 1882 under British direction.

In India the experiment of the "Dyarchy", that is, of a largely increased measure of self-government, is passing through its first critical stage. The joint Hindu-Mohammedan agitation reached its height in the spring. In March, the Viceroy of India, Lord Reading, apparently in a blue funk, sent his famous Delhi telegram to Mr. Montagu, British Secretary of State for India, urging on behalf of the Indian Moslems "evacuation of Constantinople, *sovereignty of the Sultan over the Holy Places*, and restoration of the Turk in Thrace and Smyrna". Note, please, that the telegram demanded more for the Turk than Mustapha Kemal Pasha himself had demanded up to that time. The final sentence of the telegram requested authority from Mr. Montagu for its publication. Mr. Montagu cabled the authority without consulting the British Premier, and thereby of course lost his

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official head. The result was happy for the British Raj. Mr. Montagu's successor, Lord Peel, being in the right line of British imperial tradition, instructed Lord Reading to deal firmly with sedition, of whatever religious or racial complexion. Lord Reading obeyed, and clapped into quod the most important agitators, including Mahatma Gandhi, St. Gandhi, the leader of the Hindu "non-violent non-coöperation" movement. Now the Hindu masses expected some manifestation of divine displeasure when Gandhi was incarcerated; none such appearing, Gandhi has lost "kudos", and his Hindu movement has subsided. The Mohammedans likewise reacted, as was to be expected, to firm treatment. The British Raj is more secure than it was a year ago, thanks largely to the Delhi telegram. It is to be remarked that the Moslem leaders of India were not particularly concerned about the Caliph. Their objective was Indian and national—to destroy the British Raj and establish a Mohammedan State in India (involving the subjection of 220,000,000 Indians to 60,000,000 Mohammedans). They were using the Turkish question for propaganda purposes, arousing the wrath of the Mohammedan masses against the British by the charge that the latter had desecrated the Holy Places and contemplated the destruction of Islam; and St. Gandhi was their tool. Now they have no logical leg to stand on, but doubtless will continue to agitate upon their stumps. If you have an Empire and propose to keep it, you must be imperial-minded and act imperiously.

Lack of space compels me to omit discussion of many important matters, such as: the internal political situation in Britain, culminating in the disruption of the Coalition, the fall of Lloyd George, and the dissolution of Parliament; the formal establishment of British mandate rule in Palestine; and the developments of British policy with reference to Mesopotamia or the Kingdom of Irak, which policy has received definition in a recent treaty, and the prospect of which kingdom is clouded by the fact that the Turkish National Pact lays claim to the Mosul oil regions.

The statement made by a British publicist in August that "certainly one-fifth and possibly one-quarter of the British people are economically not only unproductive, but a first charge

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and heavy burden on the industry of the remainder," is still very nearly true. There is steady improvement, but very, very gradual. Yet, marvel of marvels, the sovereign is almost back to the equivalent of $4.84.

Italy has had a year of political vicissitudes, culminating in the most remarkable of revolutions; practically bloodless, for not more than fifty lives were lost in connection therewith. Towards the end of October Mussolini, the Fascista leader, demanded that control of the Government be given to the Fascisti. Armed Fascista detachments marched on Rome and encamped just without the city. Premier Facta submitted to the King a decree proclaiming a state of siege throughout the kingdom. The king refused to sign, and sent for Mussolini. Mussolini formed a Government, giving the chief portfolios to Fascisti, himself taking Foreign Affairs and the Interior.

The Fascismo movement was started to rid Italy of the Communist menace. It has grown to represent the will of the Italian middle class, tired of shuffling and inefficiency in Government. But irregular methods of justice are apt to corrupt the justicers; and power achieved by extra-legal means is held by a dubious tenure. It is highly flattering to the genius of the Italian people that one inclines to expect happy consequences from the revolution. The Chamber reconvened on November 16. Much depends on its temper. If it refuses to coöperate in carrying through the Fascismo programme of domestic reforms, including important changes in the electoral law, it is possible that further extra-legal measures will be required to consummate the revolution.

The world is watching for the unfolding of Mussolini's foreign policy; Jugoslavia, at least, not without a certain trepidation. But whereas the other day, being in opposition, the Fascista leaders talked in 'Ercles' vein, already, being in power, they talk of "dignity and expansion within the limits of our possibilities, and of equilibrium"; which is another sort of speech.

A review of the year which omits detailed consideration of events in France, Germany and Russia, is, to put it mildly, incomplete; but such omission is necessary. The most important

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German matter is the reparations problem; which calls for subtle analysis. The situation in Russia is of an extreme dubiety and vagueness, enhanced by the deliberate mendacities of Moscow. The dilucidation of recent French history would be a complicated affair, concerning itself chiefly with the reparations problem, the French policy in the Near East, and the French participation in the Washington Conference, so greatly misunderstood and so unjustly condemned.

The German reparations problem cannot be said to be much farther advanced towards a solution than it was a year ago. The most serious element in the situation is the German temper. The Germans obviously lack the will to set their house in order.

The French Government has incurred a domestic debt of the equivalent of $8,000,000,000 for reconstruction, and proposes to expend $4,000,000,000 more; yet has received from Germany no reparations cash and not much in kind. Under the circumstances the French temper is admirable.

Whether that blood-stained crew at Moscow are more or less firmly intrenched in power than they were a year ago, is a question I cannot undertake to answer. According to American reports, the deaths from famine in Russia have not exceeded 500,000. This happy falsification of early estimates was largely due to the work of the American Relief Administration, which for a considerable period fed daily over eight million mouths, and which did an immense medical and sanitary work. The A. R. A. is continuing its mercies, for the famine is not over and disease stalks the land. It expects to feed over two million persons through the coming winter.

Romance is pale beside the true story of events in the Near East since late August. The sudden Turkish thrust at the Greek line at Afium-Karahissar; its success; the retreat of the main Greek forces to Smyrna, of the Greek left wing to Mudania on the Sea of Marmora; the incredible rapidity of the Greek retreat to Smyrna, over most difficult ground; the very skilful conduct of the Greek retreat to Mudania; the skilful embarkations of the Greek forces, chiefly at Smyrna, Cheshme and Mudania; the Turkish occupation of Smyrna on September 9, scarcely two

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weeks after the first blow was struck; the destruction of Smyrna by fire on the 14th; the tragedy of the Christian refugees; the herding of the men of military age into the interior and the seizure of the girls suitable for the harem; the evacuation of the rest of the surviving refugees (some 230,000), largely through the efforts of American relief workers; the mutiny of the Greek soldiers at Mitylene; its swift spread to the entire Greek army and navy; the abdication of King Constantine; how the Turks imagined that they had licked the world, and how they proposed to pursue the Greeks into Europe; how they were thwarted by the British commander, General Sir Charles Harington, who reminded them of the neutral Straits zones established under the armistice treaty of October 30, 1918, which was still in force; how the British rushed military and naval reinforcements to the Straits and dug in on the Asiatic side; how the Turk saw a light and consented to negotiation; of the Mudania military convention, signed on October 10, under the terms of which the Greek military forces were required to evacuate Eastern Thrace by October 30, following which the civil administration of the province should be handed over to the Kemalists—the which evacuation was duly carried out; how the Christian civilian population of Eastern Thrace rushed in pell-mell flight westward, northward, southward to the ports, so that now there is scarce a Christian left in Eastern Thrace. All in the space of two months.

On November 20 a conference on the Near East opened at Lausanne. The Turk went thither as a conqueror. Four years ago, beaten and cowed, he abjectly sued for an armistice. The little difference is due to the stupidities and silly jealousies of the Western Powers.

By act of the Angora Assembly the Sultanate has been abolished. Mohammed VI is deposed both as Sultan and as Caliph, and hereafter Caliphs are to be appointed, as required, by the Angora Assembly. There's some consolation in that Act. It may divide Islam and save the Franks in their own despite.

HENRY W. BUNN.

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THE OUTLOOK FOR THE MERIT SYSTEM

BY ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

THE United States Government is today probably the largest employer of labor in the world. With a civil personnel of more than 560,000 persons and an annual payroll of nearly $750,000,000, it presents a problem of employment administration far more complicated and far more imperatively demanding solution than that of any private industry, to which expert attention is given as a matter of ordinary business prudence. The employees of the States, cities, counties, towns and villages, it is estimated, bring the number of public servants in the United States nearly to three million. About one out of thirty-five persons is on a public payroll of which the total annual charge is over three billion dollars, or more than $100 a family on the pockets of the American taxpayers. This enormous force, its proper recruiting, efficient operation and just treatment, constitute the problem of the Civil Service Reform movement, which this year counts the fortieth anniversary of its great initial success.

The present United States Civil Service law was passed on January 16, 1883. That marked the real beginning of the merit system of public employment in this country; for the earlier legislation was only a gesture of acquiescence to an arousing but not yet dominant public opinion. Perhaps no three words could have been chosen less fitted to inspire public enthusiasm than "Civil Service Reform". They suggested smugness; they were the butt of ridicule; they offered nothing spectacular, or sentimentally inspiring. The movement itself ran counter, not only to political interests, but to popular habit and a natural tolerant attitude toward abuses from which many persons might hope to profit. The spoils system was deeply embedded in American life. Perhaps it was a concomitant of the growth of democracy, without which in the early days of manhood suffrage millions of men could not have been drilled into political

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activity. At any rate it and its corollary, "rotation in office," exactly fitted the temper of the times.

In a simple community, where most men were habituated to several callings now specialized, it was natural to think all citizens fit for and in turn entitled to the public places, which were generally within the range of capacity of any intelligent person. But the increasing complexity of government functions would have made the spoils system administratively impossible, even if its excesses had not threatened free government by the use of patronage as an engine of electoral control. The demoralization went so far that after the Civil War wholesale removals were no longer confined to periods of changing administration, but went on all the time in response to the demands of faction and personal rivalry. Four Collectors of the Port of New York, all of the same party, made 1,678 removals during their 1,565 secular days of service. That was typical of the extent to which public service had been prostituted, not merely to party, but to personal ends.

The pioneering work of Thomas A. Jenckes of Rhode Island in forcing on Congress the question of Civil Service legislation in 1868, and the agitation of George William Curtis, Dorman B. Eaton and Charles Sumner, resulted in the act of 1871, allowing the President to make regulations for admission to the service. But after the breakdown of the Liberal Republican movement of 1872, the victorious political machine cut off all appropriations for the commission appointed to enforce the rules. Not until the tragedy of Garfield's assassination by a disgruntled Western office seeker, seizing for an occasion on the President's attitude toward a New York fight for spoils, was the general public aroused to see that Civil Service Reform was something more than a dream of pedants and "man milliners", to recall Conkling's taunt of George William Curtis, and was in fact an imperative though unpalatable remedy for a desperate disease. Then came the Pendleton act of 1883, which is still the basis of the United States Civil Service administration notwithstanding the enormous extension of the classification in after years.

Less than three months later, on May 4, 1883, New York fell in line, with the first State Civil Service law. New York ap-

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propriately took this leadership, for in New York the spoils system in American politics had its start. Through its old Council of Appointment, perhaps the worst instrument for the distribution of patronage ever devised by man, the State was kept in a ferment of frequent changes, appointments without responsibility and ruthless, wholesale removals. The Albany Regency lived up to the dictum, which Marcy boastfully proclaimed for it before the whole country, "to the victors belong the spoils." Its Whig rivals under the leadership of Thurlow Weed adopted it, and both handed it on to their successors to use to a practical effect that made them the reproach and the envy of politicians in other States.

Massachusetts followed New York with a Civil Service law in 1884. In the succeeding years the merit system was adopted by various cities and particular services like police and fire departments, but not until 1905 was another statewide application of the system made, when Wisconsin passed a comprehensive law and Illinois made a beginning in the same direction, which has since been greatly improved. Then in rapid succession laws or constitutional amendments were passed in Colorado, Indiana, New Jersey, Ohio, California, Connecticut, Kansas and Maryland. The law has since been repealed by Connecticut—the only State that after adopting the merit system has ever abandoned it. In the cities the movement has spread until 350 of them have a competitive system. Every one of the twenty largest cities has adopted it, and of the hundred largest cities in the country seventy-two operate under Civil Service rules.

At the beginning under President Arthur the classified Federal service was largely clerical, and at the end of his term 15,573 places had been classified. On June 30, 1922, there were 560,863 persons in the Federal service. Just how many of these were classified is not reported, but so far as can be estimated between 425,000 and 450,000 places under the United States can now be filled only through competitive selection for demonstrated fitness.

Such is the advance of forty years, forced in spite of ridicule, the hostility of organized political workers, popular distaste for laws that interfere with largess, and the impatience of some office holders, by the sheer impossibility that Presidents have

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found of carrying on successful work without it. But what of the years to come? With the classification of the great body of Federal employees below the grade of Presidential appointments substantially complete, except for the gigantic scandal of a spoils Prohibition enforcement service, and with even important Presidential nominations determined by competitive tests, is the future problem merely one of meticulous attention to details? The merest glance at conditions and the barest realization of the complexities of administration entailed by the recent enormous extension of government activities will bring an emphatic answer.

In March, 1920, a Congressional Joint Commission laid before Congress a report on the condition of the service that showed "gross extravagance and waste," "unbusinesslike handling of service," "poor organization," "divided authority," "much injustice and inefficiency," "serious discontent among the Federal employees," and a turnover of 33 per cent., a rate of change demoralizing to any work, especially as it is due to the steady exodus of the most efficient employees. The Commission reported that the United States was "without a central employment agency having adequate powers; in short without an employment policy". The result is "glaring inequalities and incongruities in salary schedules", much injustice and dissatisfaction, wasted money and failure to get the work paid for.

The Government was a pioneer in seeking to establish merit as a basis of employment. But private industry has learned the lesson, and while the Government has lagged behind, private employers have gone on to systematize their forces, to adopt scientific methods of recruiting, testing and stimulating efficiency, promoting contentment and eliminating waste. The United States is trying to do the work of a twentieth century Government, with its far flung activities in every field of science and industry, by methods inherited from the eighteenth century, by confused, overlapping organizations, by employees whose pay bears little or no relation to the character of their service and whose conditions of labor and chance of advancement for efficiency rather than by favor are such as to discourage energy and loyalty.

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As a result, over 75 per cent. of the Federal employees are enrolled in organizations affiliated with industrial trade unions. The failure of the Government to provide any legitimate channel for the presentation of their grievances and the correction of the injustices that are bound to occur in the operation of a great force has naturally driven them to seek in the American Federation of Labor an opportunity for making their demands influential. This affiliation has been frowned upon by many high officials, including President Roosevelt, but since his administration little resistance has been offered to it except by Postmaster-General Burleson. "The National Federation of Federal Employees," declared its official organ, *The Federal Employe*, some months ago, "is a union which does not strike, but it is not powerless, it goes into districts in which it has enemies and works hard to keep them out of Congress." This combination of Government employees and trade unionists to pull each other's chestnuts out of the fire has ominous possibilities. French experience throws light on them. If the danger here seems fanciful in view of federation bylaws forbidding strikes in Government service, consider this hint from the same organ:

> Let us bring the main problem down to practical terms and consider what would happen to a union employe who found his duty to this Government and his duty to his union in conflict. It is to be presumed that he would do precisely what he does when he finds his duty to his Church, to his lodge or to his family to be in conflict with his duty to his Government; that is, he would decide *which is the more important to him.*

We do not need to question the usefulness of the labor union in its field, nor of the association of public employees in its field. But, even though strikes are barred by the latter, such bylaws can be repealed, or may be ignored at a crisis. The existence in Government service of a body of men closely bound to an outside organization, whose interests at any moment may conflict with those of another part of the community resulting in struggle and perhaps even clashes with public authority, invites burrowing within the Government itself for the defeat of its measures, which may be just as disastrous as a walkout from official service. And on the other hand, to put at the beck of Federal employees a great external body able and ready to back up their demands,

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reasonable and unreasonable, not only by political pressure but by its accustomed weapons of industrial warfare, is to put the Government itself into a class rivalry with an organized section of its own citizens. Such an association goes far toward turning Government workers into a Prætorian Guard.

In face of this situation the Congressional Joint Commission submitted a bill that failed to provide the much needed comprehensive employment system, but contained what was thought the temper of Congress would stand. Nearly three years have passed with nothing accomplished. Congress is apathetic, departmental jealousies are influential, and the employees' organization, while insistent on redress of grievances, is cold toward thoroughgoing systematization, or anything that promises weeding out of inefficiency. It sees none. And as an organization it flourishes and gains members so long as it agitates for advance to the Promised Land, without entering it.

Shortly before his election, President Harding wrote:

> The time has come for the federal government to organize its agencies of employment in accordance with the principles which have been tested and approved by the best modern business practice. . . . It is outrageous for public administration, which should be an example and a guide to our people, to indulge in waste and extravagant inefficiency. . . . Though the necessity for a budget system is great, perhaps even greater is the need for a system which will give federal employes a square deal in promotions, pay and continuity of service while obtaining for the nation's taxpayers, in return, a high standard of skill and continued loyalty among the employes who serve them.

That is not an extravagant programme. It is perfectly possible of realization, at least so far as a Government, which is not under the necessity of earning profits, can be made to function with the business precision of private industry. First, it is necessary to abolish the divided authority that comes from one body supervising admission to the service while others study questions of efficiency. The United States Civil Service Commission should receive power adequate to the establishment of a national employment system. The whole personnel question should be put in its hands and the various executive officers relieved of having to deal with it piecemeal, just as such officers in great industrial establishments are relieved of it. Then, if

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endowed with sufficient power and money, the Commission, always subject to the limits of a budget, could be expected to grade the service so that salaries would be related to the character of employment and equal pay would be given for equal work.

Many salaries are now too low, others too high, and the differences between departments and even different persons in the same office are a galling injustice. At present the work of the lowest grade of filing clerk is carried on under 105 different titles, with 25 different rates of pay. The proper grouping of places would correct this and make for better methods of testing fitness and for economy of examinations. It would provide a standardized, mobile force that could be sent from one department to another as need arose, thus avoiding the extravagant overmanning of offices to meet their peak loads. Great opportunity exists for the development of the examination system in the light of psychologic research and the experience of modern business, but the Commission has lacked funds. The whole matter of Federal promotions is in chaos, and the Civil Service Commission is without authority. A system of promotion examinations should be established and incident to it a system of efficiency records that would open the door to earned advancement or deserved dismissal. The entire task of perfecting entrance tests, determining relative efficiency in the service, providing opportunities for advancement, and discovering the unfit should be brought under one centralized control. The apathy or tenderheartedness of appointing officers, who would not have hesitated to make political removals under the spoils system, with respect to inefficient classified subordinates, brings a heavy burden on the taxpayers and undeserved discredit on the merit system.

All these are necessary preliminary steps toward the development of a really scientific personnel system. The whole field of public service outside of the heads of departments and such subordinates as are concerned in determining public policies must be co-ordinated and taken out of the category of party patronage. Beyond lies the more difficult question of machinery for the redress of grievances. Some believe that the Civil Service Commission should provide this. Others believe that discipline can

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only be enforced by leaving arbitrary power with office heads. But whatever mean may be taken between these two extremes, certainly some way must be found to secure fair consideration of the often reasonable complaints of employees, to open the door to suggestions for improvement by them and give them that legitimate influence over the conditions of their employment that enlightened private industry no longer denies. Take away from them pressure to affiliate with outside organizations because no other instrument for self protection seems to be at their hands, and such affiliation can be forbidden. Indeed it will scarcely need to be forbidden, for the alliance is not a natural one. But unless measures are taken to give employees a sense of fair treatment and partnership in their work, so that they are no longer mute and helpless under arbitrary superiors and a far-away and indifferent Congress, this alliance will continue with increasing menace.

The Civil Service reforms of 1883 checked customs that threatened to swamp American statemanship and turn American politics into a mere base struggle for spoils. But the work is not finished. In more than three-fourths of the States of the Union the spoils system still dominates administration and bedevils politics. Down into the city and county services of a larger part of the country the political parties reach for the nourishment with which they build their organizations. There can come no healthy politics of ideas from creatures so fed. President Butler of Columbia University recently declared that "today the division of office holders, office seekers, and the voting public into Republicans and Democrats means little or nothing except struggle for public place and public authority". He strikingly drew attention to the lack of fundamental differences between the parties and made a plea for such reconstruction that they may really function as the exponents of vital and clearly differentiated principles. But how can sincerity and courage in the exposition of ideas, or even an agreement on national party policy, be expected from parties made up of State, county and city organizations dominated by and in turn largely concerned with the patronage of their own localities?

The establishment of the Federal merit system only half

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rescues national politics from the dictation of the spoilsmen so long as all these reservoirs of spoils remain. They permit the building up of organizations of voters lacking common principles and held together only by the cohesive power of patronage. These organizations in turn make up the national parties and stand for such small measure of ideas as can be rescued from the conflict of their local opinions, controlled chiefly by an eye on local spoils. Not until the whole field of politics, local as well as national, is freed from this misuse of government to build up party machinery can national parties be made effective instruments for carrying out political principles.

The British parliamentary system facilitates the division of the electorate on single, sharply defined issues. There questions of local administration and struggles for local power are largely separated from national politics and the voter's attention can be concentrated on the single matter of choosing his representation in the House of Commons, while here the voter is confronted by a complication of National, State and municipal considerations and by the necessity of selecting a large number of officials at the same time. Consequently his party alignment may mean little or nothing as an index of opinion. Yet England found the corruption of patronage threatening to destroy the free play of opinion and the achievement of the national political will. Even before the passage of the Reform Bill a beginning of examinations was made in self defense by officers to prevent the destruction of their own administration by the pressure of their own party incompetents. Now the competitive system practically excludes partisanship from administrative work. Far more is it necessary for the United States, with its highly complex political machinery, to free public opinion from the deadening influence of patronage and office from the burden of incompetence.

This is not the fad of Civil Service reformers, a dream of Utopia. It is a programme that, wherever applied, has made for more efficient and more representative government. It must be the vital concern of American democracy, unless democracy is ready to see its ideals stifled and its substance wasted by the administrative machinery created for its service.

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN.

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CIVILIZATION AND THE FRENCH THEATRE

BY STARK YOUNG

THE characteristically national art of the theatre in France, which is that of the *Comédie Française*, goes back to the Mediterranean. It derives from the Greek. Its outlines may be less august and spacious; its plastic quality infinitely less magnificent; its religion less profound and less political than the Greek; but the kinship remains. In smaller, and certainly in different, forms its instinct for finish parallels the Greek instinct. Its thinking turns on a sense of forces operant in the universe, or in society at least, that act upon individuals and bring on their struggle with themselves and with law or fate or universal nature. The action of these forces together determines the outlines of life, and within these outlines are included the nuance and detail of every individual and event. Art, following such a conception of the world, goes therefore to types, to large patterns within which are included and expressed the variety of human experience.

This classical conception of living is like those charts of mariners that lead to conceived and desired ends, to harbors and over tracks that have been plotted out. Under these lines of purpose and direction lies the sea, a ceaseless, ungoverned passion of energy and eternal power, an unfathomed and inexhaustible mystery of being, a boundless vitality and danger. But the chart remains and man's navigation may be informed by it. There are ports foreseen and attainable for the voyage he must make, whatever his will is or the weariness and perplexity of his heart. The art that follows such a conception is by its own nature driven to find its charts and possible ways. It plots out, above the immense and inexhaustible sources of human nature and living, an order, a plan, a course in art that will bring us to rational and sweet harbors, and into ports and havens from which we may look out over the ocean with some consolation of under-

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standing. From such habits of thought arose the Greek conception of an art of society for the sake of men's existence among themselves and in the midst of nature; the Greek irony when the mind turns on things not as they might be but as they are; the Greek sense of play as a further completion of living and a release of man's redundant vitality. From such conceptions as these derives the simplicity as of the universal soul and the exactitude of mind that characterizes the best Greek art of every kind.

The French classical theatre may be smaller in scope than the Greek. Its quality in general may have been trimmed down to the prose uses of a more limited realm of living. Its sophistication may be more trivial, its emotion often more relaxed to mere excitation, and its idealism too much softened with mere sentiment. It may have specialized itself into a limited channel, and chattered itself into something of an intellectual corner so far as European thought goes. Its whole end may be more petty and commercial than was the Greek. But the resemblance and kinship is there nevertheless. It comes out even in the acting of artists like Mlle. Sorel and her company, none of whom, obviously, are of the rank of the greatest French actors like Bernhardt and Mounet Sully. And it comes out even in so poor an example of French drama as *le Demi-Monde* by Dumas *fils*.

If a young dreamer from Vermont came to see Mlle. Sorel and her company in *le Demi-Monde*—He is a fine instance, the ideal in his kind, not the usual young man from his part of the country. That usual young man is like him at bottom, perhaps; the difference is in sensibility, in exactitude and delicacy of response to experience. This young fellow is poetic. His life has been passed on a farm. He has made up his dreams from the hills and from long hours on winter nights. His mind has shaped itself without sharp and open contact with other minds. His soul is haunted with a reflective and personal relation to God. From him—though his case is limited and extreme and deep—you will get a racial reaction to this Dumas, Sorel and Parisian occasion that will express the fundamental difference and remoteness that lies between us and this French art of the theatre. This young man has an approach to Shakespeare. He does not yet understand, and never will, very likely, Shakespeare's complexity of

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ornament and delight in mere mentality. But the core of Shakespeare is close to him. The art of his own race is as close to him as the French is far.

The curtain rises on *le Demi-Monde*. The young man sees a group of persons of Parisian society and the Parisian under-world. The heroine is a woman who wishes to make an honest and profitable marriage and change her way of living. A rich man comes back from Africa; her former lover introduces her to him. There is in the group a young girl, sophisticated but still pure or virginal or whatever may be the way of putting this intact state that she preserves. The older woman's marriage plans all but work out; after lies, evasions, she will tell her lover the truth. But in the end she gives it all up so that the young girl may marry the man who was once her own lover. The Vermonter reads this inconsequent state of affairs in the synopsis that the programme affords; his ear is deaf to the French he hears on the stage. He has no time to be puzzled, for Mlle. Sorel enters. She spreads around her a sensation. Her walk, her manner, her gown, bands of fur and a fabric of dark rose with inwoven gold, are smart beyond words. Even her boots are to be reckoned with. She is the first really *chic* person the Vermonter has ever seen. She talks. Her voice is something he has never heard before. It is practiced, it has a range in pitch, in quality; it is bright, dark, it can be metallic, white; it can think things over without words at all but in an extraordinary humming resonance. The second act comes; more manners. Mlle. Sorel wears now a gown of bluish green gold cloth, with panniers and silver lace, and a cloak hanging back like eighteenth century portraits, of greenish, indescribable blue, with a grey fur collar. She is golden, she is fair, her smile, her hair, her hands, her sitting there listening, everything is heightened with the lustre of Parisian arts. In the third act a marvellous pale gown, then yet another, and another still in the last scene when the tragic renunciation comes, a gown of gold cloth, very dark, and a hat turned up in front with a lace veil over the face, covering the eyes in fact. And more of the glamorous boots. Mlle. Sorel has become the play, almost. She moves in and out there on the scene like a varnished pearl. She is like a *mannequin* from some milliner in heaven.

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The young man sees the play, however, though distractedly. It moves evidently in a world made up for the occasion. It patters through a Parisian atmosphere that is depraved and idealistic at the same time. It paints a world that is sordid and eloquent, short-sighted and intelligent, vain and witty. These characters on this stage are hard, they are low, but plainly they love beauty, and especially beauty in ideas. The gamut is run of seduction, compromising letters, *jeune fille*, and a sudden and rather thin rhetoric of self-sacrifice. The conflict portrayed is not human, it is schematic. The struggle is between the author's plan for a plot and the puppets he has invented and intends to make carry the plot through. This play has a certain worldly wisdom. It has no shadows, no flood of unseen living. It has sentiment, logic, but no creation. It has the logic of character, of events, of desire. It does not copy life's externals, the actual surroundings of the world set forth, which the Vermonter might, even without experience in it, recognize in part as true. It does not reveal life's inner truth. And yet, as the young man perceives, this stage piece takes its own course; it winds up, strikes its hour, and unwinds.

In all of it, about the whole business, the young Anglo-Saxon sees no merit whatever. In the face of it he feels rustic, rural, lonely, misunderstood, though he does not precisely recognize these emotions for what they are. He resents this French procedure. It seems to him cruel. It seems hard. It evidently is a result that comes only from long practice, expertness, learned economy. But why work so hard and arrive at such an empty thing as this? This only gets in the way of any truth about life. As for Mlle. Sorel, he sees that she is not beautiful, or young any more. And her face is wide in the cheek bones, her hair thinnish, her mouth large. But there is the effect, nevertheless; there is all the self-possession that implies charm, distinction, beauty. The paint, the blond powder, the black lines running out from the upper eyelids like a languishing portrait, the jewels, the variety of gowns and slippers which he can hear the women in the seats behind him discussing with Mlle. Sorel's every appearance, all these give an effect. But why get an effect that is no longer woman, no longer natural? In the tragic places Mlle. Sorel, and

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even these gentlemen taking fate in their hands with their gloves on, do seem to give us tragic emotion. At least Mlle. Sorel describes or indicates movingly the quality of tragic feeling. But, the young man asks himself, if she is a woman who can understand and convey great tragic feeling, why not express it straight; why put it through all this artifice?

So he would feel. And there are reasons for his feeling it, some of which are easily seen. His life, his delicate and manly nature, lead him first of all to think that there is something special about emotion. Only in tacit understandings and in deep and upheaving moments can he share emotion with others. He mistrusts expressiveness and suspects abundance of ideas, theories, conclusions, feelings. His soul has a shy tenderness, his body a diffused, strong and embarrassed sex; his attitude toward his experience has a kind of blunt lyricism. He tends to elude and tremble before his own nature rather than to try to understand it. In this region as in every other he distrusts finality. He insists on seeing life for what it might be rather than for what it is. He dwells more on will, inspiration, energy, than he does on capacity, fruits and ends. He thinks of life as a private affair, of marriage not as a social contract but as love, as a sacrament almost. And the only marked way in which he is a member of a community is through his conscience. The Grange, whose end is to promote the happiness of the community, he understands; in his neighborhood that argument is the one used to encourage the grange plan. And he understands why a community joins together over some question of morals. But the instinct for a group in order to join in play and diversion in ideas, flirtations, art and relaxation remains foreign to his nature.

The young man's theory of art is first of all solitary. He thinks of the ultimate regions of all art as the deep, high region of spiritual solitude. Art, which to him is literature mainly, is a place where you go to be understood, to find companionship, to commune with patron saints, and to share your secret and incommunicable life. He loves that line in Virgil about seeming always to go on a long way unaccompanied,

> . . . *semper longam incomitata videtur*
> *ire viam,*

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and no little of the day was said for him in that passage about the owl complaining from the housetops its wild songs *et longas in fletum ducere voces*. He loves in English Shelley and Wordsworth and the sonnets of Shakespeare, with their poignant and intellectual passion. Art for this young man belongs to one's hidden soul. Of music he understands to some extent the pure, abstract experience conveyed; he dislikes to think of music as a technical art. He loves pictures but he asks of them something rather definitely true. Nature is the visual art in which he finds himself; it is the only art that he can evolve in which he is able to accept pure abstraction that can exist without comment. At bottom, where art is concerned, how Anglo-Saxon he is! In his inmost heart he has a chaos that refuses to accept order and type. In art he thinks of all things as coming from within.

It is as well that *le Demi-Monde* is the play that the Vermonter sees. If it were *Tartuffe* or *le Misanthrope* the case might be altered. These classical dramas represent a school, a tradition, and the performance of them in this expert and logical fashion must be expected. But when a modern play is performed after this mode, it represents a deliberate choice. *Le Demi-Monde* is an excellent extreme with which to confront an alien spectator.

What this French art of the theatre is, first of all, is urban. It belongs to the city. Its unreal and typical world is an invention of city minds. The reactions, the emotions, the motives that it accepts as dependable and interesting, have evolved from years of conversation and fads and movements. It is a sophisticated rather than inspired art. It understands the relative place, the sanity and the usefulness of enthusiasms and impulses. It understands the perpetual current of affairs and contacts that blunt the edge of experience and provide substitutes and compensations for many losses and disappointments. It is an art that depends on no illusion. Nobody pretends that this play of Dumas's is true or naïve or to be believed in. As for the necessity of illusions we leave that to the provincials. What is asked of it is a display of themes, emotions, ideas, plots and acting; we can enjoy these without believing that the whole is true. The whole game of this drama, this acting, this art of the theatre is admitted, it is a game with its own creative laws. Beneath its symbols

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people who know life and the town perceive its meanings. All things rely on mutual exchanges, common understandings, city usages. The point of view of this art is that of civilization. And civilization implies an intention that will develop in a society of individuals an art of coming together in a way that will be most beneficial to public and private interests; it implies harmony, a discipline of mutual complacency and consideration. A man's private interests are to be pursued only with some regard to the degree of his natural, civilized endowment and the good of the community. This point of view need not imply any heroics or self-sacrificing and certainly no patriotic cult or fanaticism; but it certainly does mean that the competition for honors and good fortune, rewards, riches, office and fame take place under some more or less reasonable scheme of society. With the French it means that they have, on no very necessarily lofty plane if you like, concerned themselves with evolving an art of life that will make human society more tolerable and expert. Such an idea of society must to some extent at least be anti-individualistic. But the very idea of a society at all implies something of that. Under such a theory, things that might be merely personal adventure become contracts under the State. Institutions that we might like to forget or deny are recognized, since they do exist, and are regulated. Not only this art of the theatre but much of all art in France succeeds almost entirely through a devotion to perfecting itself for the general uses of society. Through this, much of French art and French craft as well, though it attains no high distinction, is extraordinarily well adapted to the enjoyment of persons who are not by temperament or gift artistic, and so it is admirably social. It understands the fact that up to a certain point art is not entirely a temperamental matter; a good deal of it can be learned. The general artistic fame of the French derives from this fact. They have talked and chattered till the world concedes them to be its most artistic nation. But that is true only in this sense of a social level, a general excellence. The French achieve no oftener than other races the supreme artist. In the supreme artist the humanity of all men is included, but it is deepened and widened beyond the general into its own eminence. But among the French more than any other

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people in Europe the sense of art, or at least of finish, from their soaps to their prose, is widely applied. They make art social. And such a sense of civilization, however vague, affects manners, codes, and men's very speech itself, and not least it affects that mingled restraint and expression that is one of the chief problems of art.

An art like this of the *Comédie Française* is a matter of arrangement. It is all built up. Every part is something accepted as signifying some meaning. It makes no pretension to being natural in the sense of representing nature. Its world is its own. Everything is arranged, true to a special set of principles; and the ensuing work of art has preëminently its own truth. Its triumphs are technical, logical, persuasively moving by means of a special language of emotion. The extent to which nature is drawn upon is arbitrary, as it is in architecture or design. And it is neither greater nor less by reason of the fact that it is consistent only with itself, with its own logic, its own artifices, rather than with some actuality outside itself. It is art first and last if it is anything.

The limitations of such an art of the theatre as that practised at the *Comédie Française* are various enough. Under its scheme of things an exact realism is impossible. We could never in this art penetrate to the last reality of some section of living by portraying the exact and revealing outward elements of it, however painful or brutal or shocking. We could not render chaos as it often stands in human experience, because chaos remains unintelligible. And most of all we are deprived of the widest chance possible to the art of the theatre for more and more inclusiveness in the expression of life. The purpose of art is to express experience, to dilate the reality of the moment, to establish upon the flux and uncertainty of things the eternal and constant fact of the ideal. And it must follow that the greatest art of the theatre, the art most to be desired but never wholly attained as yet, will be that which is most free to express all things whatsoever that are in life, whether beautiful abstractions or exact images or the agonizing or the unsayable itself. The ideal art would allow for all methods of expression. Under its scheme every thought and circumstance would be allowed the

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form that is closest to it and that is most nearly its soul. But the very limitations insure in this French art advantages.

The advantages that such an art as this of the French theatre enjoys are such as arise from the fact of its having a basis on which to construct and a more or less definite idea of society from which to observe and regulate its material. This art can fall back upon something that arises in such a society as the mind might create, upon something that we all admit as the general outline within which our experiences happen. These experiences and impulses may be warm, infinitely varied, curious or violent; but within this outline they remain and by it their proportions are measured. As for this art of the *Comédie Française* the control, the theory, the assured method and territory undoubtedly limit. But they afford a security on which the art can build an ordered and elaborate and often noble dramatic structure. By knowing its ground it approaches the ease of the immortal gods; and all that gods work, as Æschylos said, is effortless and calm. And it affords the best possible circumstances for the development of a style. I do not mean style in that perfect sense of a vanishing and wholly revealing medium of expression. I mean that quality in which artifice, intelligence and emotional reality are all at the same time apparent, and all together exercise and delight us with that consciousness of distinction and truth that we call style. And through its very limitations the art of the *Comédie Française*, at its best, forces its material into the region of universal type and high and essential patterns of human thought and experience.

But none of this French art will convince the young Anglo-Saxon from Vermont. He will see its completeness, its entire adequacy to its own ends, its logic, its perfected art. But what it tells him, in so far as it tells him anything, is not what he believes about life. He admits this art and despises it. His mind appraises its skill and social intelligence. But he has no great respect for the mind as such. He prefers the spirit, whatever that may be; he guards the shadow in his soul. And he draws on the mystery of the universe to minister to him.

STARK YOUNG.

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AFTERMATH

BY MILDRED BLUMENTHAL

"Why do you lie there stark and dead
With a newspaper under your head?"
"Dead? Look again! This is my bed
And I am alive! Though not well fed,
I feel, I see, taste, smell and hear!
Sometimes, too, I dream, or pray,
But most of all—I fear!"

"What do you feel, you senseless clod?"
"Dying grass that clings to my breast,
Soothing winds that woo me to rest;
Or, a gnawing pain,
A tired, tortured brain,
Hard, close-cuddling sod!
But best of all—I feel at one with Nature and with God!"

"What do you see with eyes half-closed?"
"Sleek, kempt comrades that hurry by,
Millions of brothers more lowly than I;
Or, trenches and sky,
Wreck and carnage that lie
Where once was green grass!
But worst of all—piteous glances of some who pass!"

"What do you taste with lips closed and set?"
"Air, paper, tobacco, dead leaves, or wood,
Dust, stones, or bones. Life is so good!
Or, soup, salmon, and beans
From rolling canteens;
At times, even lead!
But strongest of all—salt spray from seas that wash o'er the dead!"

"What do you smell with each drawn breath?"
"Noisome odors from motors that pass,
Heavy fumes: like oil, smoke, tar and gas;
Or, the dank of morass,

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Mold, shot, bloody grass
And powder and fire!
But foulest of all—a sickening stench of dead flesh and mire!"

"What do you hear as you lie on your side?"
"Idle chatter that does not matter;
Noisy traffic; shrill, silly laughter;
Or, machine guns that batter
Amid shrapnel a-clatter
Over comrades who died!
But faintest of all—the words of One who was crucified!"

"And your Dream, and Prayer, and that awful Fear?
Strong, brave man, tell us! We listen and hear!

"My Dream?
'Tis of martyrs and prophets, gone to seed,
Who gave their lives that men should be freed!

My Prayer?
'Tis for the Harvest their death did yield—
That tender seedling!—now naked and seared,
Yet standing erect in a desolate field!

And my Fear?
'Tis that more men will bleed! Lord, is there need?"

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THE PLAYTHING

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I do not so much mind that you took my heart of youth away;
  Perhaps it was a foolish thing for me to keep so long;
And I know it was untidy, with its tags of gauze and tinsel
  Spun from scraps of fairy tales and wonderings and song;

But I wish you had not thought that you must take away my laughter;
  Perhaps you thought it silliness, bright beads slid down a string—
I suppose you could not guess it, with its gilt and silver glitter,
  That looked so like a toy, to be a very useful thing:

For hard roads do not matter, nor the tragical great sorrows,
  Nor mile-high hills that weary you, nor stones that cut your feet,
If you can toss it up and down, your glittering bright laughter,
  And mock at all the curious things and stately things you meet;

But now that I have lost it, black and huge beneath my fingers
  Is my little world I played with, that was like a colored ball . . .
And I wish, if you please, that you would give me back my laughter,
  Because I must go on and cannot find my way at all.

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THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE—III

BY JOHN ERSKINE

THE CULT OF THE NATURAL

I

It belongs with the confusion of æsthetics in our time that the same people who ask art to be original often ask it to be natural. Being natural would appear at first sight the least original of programmes. Even if by originality we mean personality, yet there still seems some contradiction in the wish at one and the same time to develop a strong personality and to remain in a state of nature. Since it is the thoroughbred, not the wild animal, that is distinguished from his fellows, and the cultivated bloom, not the field flower, that charms by its single self rather than in quantity, a condition of impulse close to the unsifted accidents of life would seem to promise an art notable chiefly for its volume, its indistinction and its insignificance.

But those who ask art to be natural never mean completely natural. In their wiser moments they are only asking art not to be artificial, or at least to help them forget it is artificial. They demand a "realistic and romantic naturalism", or "a world of honest, and often harsh reality", and what they are looking for is indicated by the fact that they find something convincingly lifelike in *Anna Christie* or *The Hairy Ape* or *Kiki*, but something strained and mechanical in a comedy by Sheridan or Oscar Wilde. Art, no doubt, is still desirable in literature, but art shot through with crude material, to reassure us that we are human. At its best, the cult of the natural today may find a satisfying reality in *The Easiest Way* or in *Liliom* rather than in *Dover Road* or *He Who Gets Slapped.* Since all plays are highly artificial, naturalness is hardly the word for the virtue of good plays; they are convincing, rather, they take us frankly into another world, and for the moment make us forget it is not our world of everyday. Yet

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those who ask the stage to be natural are apparently reassured when through the imaginary world of art breaks some accent of ordinary speech, some aspect of our common sordidness. Here, it seems, we touch earth and are strengthened. The power of *The Hairy Ape* or of *Liliom* surely comes from no gracious naturalness in the plot—young ladies on ocean voyages do not visit the stokehole swathed in white, nor do philosophical stokers resort to the zoo to get themselves strangled by the ourang-outang; what enlists our credulity is the string of oaths and rough talk which makes us feel at home, and without which the fabric of the drama would reveal itself as flimsier than cardboard.

The cult of the natural at its best asks of the medium of art also, as well as of the subject, that it wear a common aspect, untouched by artifice. Many of the new poets take as their ideal "the sequence of the spoken phrase", with a special dislike of all "inversions"; the "language of common speech" will serve their purposes. Yet most of them are better poets than their theories would indicate, and their practice, like Wordsworth's in a similar predicament, is perhaps sufficient guide to the kind of naturalness they are after. *An Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg* is the kind of naturalness Wordsworth fell into when he was off his guard. "Other poets," says a more modern cultivator of naturalism, "will come and perchance perfect where these men have given the tools. Other writers, forgetting the stormy times in which this movement had its birth, will inherit in plenitude and calm that for which they have fought." Most of us who are convinced that all speech is artful in so far as it is intelligible, can occasionally put up with a bit of fine writing like this, but we note in passing that "perchance" and "plenitude" are not the language of common speech today. As for the fear of inversions and the sacredness of the natural word-order, it is enough for the moment to observe that no one order is natural for all peoples, nor for any one speech at all times; different word-orders express different states of emotion, even different ideas, and one is as natural as the other. "Tell me not in mournful numbers" or "Tell not me in mournful numbers"—which is the natural order? From another and contemporary New England poet, who sticks valiantly for the natural order of speech, we may

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examine a characteristic line, which has as high a percentage of nature in it as absence of art can insure—"I must pass that door to go to bed." Would it be less natural to say, "To go to bed, I must pass that door?"

To practice artifice and yet to seem spontaneous, to be natural and yet to achieve art—these ancient paradoxes against which the cultivators of the natural arrive, in both the subject matter and the medium of literature, need to be examined in greater detail, but it is well to observe them first in a general way, in order to mark how much confusion lies on the very surface of such thinking. It is emotion perhaps rather than thinking; it is a protest in another form against what seems old and inherited; it is an impatience with art itself. Yet art exerts its old charm upon us all, and the worshipper of the natural succumbs unawares to every triumph over nature. In American letters we fix on Abraham Lincoln as our type of natural expression; the legend of his humble beginnings and the plainness of his manner deceive us into a conviction that he was less indebted to art than Thomas Jefferson, and we therefore talk of the rhetorical extravagances of the Declaration and contrast them with the Attic simplicities of the Gettysburg Address. Perhaps we see a final proof of our sound taste in the story that Matthew Arnold gave up the Address for lost when he got to the colloquial "proposition"; "dedicated to the proposition," we say, was more than his artificial spirit could bear. Whether Arnold expressed such an opinion, or whether he would have been right in so doing, is of less consequence than our emotional readiness, if we cultivate the natural, to accept the Lincoln speech as an illustration of our ideal, and to set it over against the artifice of Jefferson's great document—to detect a literary manner in such a phrase as "When in the course of human events", and nothing but naturalness in "Fourscore and seven years ago"—or to find an empty and sounding rhetoric in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness", but only the democratic syllables of common sense in "government of the people, by the people, for the people". Both documents are as rich as they can well be in rhetoric, as all great oratory is, and of the two, Lincoln's as a matter of fact, is rather more artful in the progress of its ideas.

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II

Our confusion in the search for the natural in art springs from the many different meanings that attach to both words, art and nature. For most of us, perhaps, art is a decoration, something supplementary to life; art, we say, supplies the defects of nature, when we make grass grow in unpromising soil, or when our neighbor's wife, having by nature a poor complexion, emerges daily with a lovely one. In the spirit of this definition we understand what it is to cultivate the arts—to buy pictures when our means will permit us that addition to more primary interests, or to attend the opera after the preliminary stages of our social pilgrimage. We use the word art so often in this bad sense, with the implication of insincerity, that there is something bracing in any invitation to return to nature and to be once more what we were while we still were honest with ourselves and had a sense of humor.

This nature that we return to, haunts our thoughts as a fixed state in which the wise soul can find enduring refuge. Just how we get the idea that nature is stable, is not easy to see; the notion often exists in our minds side by side with a deep conviction that life is a flux, and that time and space are but relative terms in the universal stream. But perhaps it is the outer appearance of the world, nature as landscape, that first suggests a refuge even against time, mountains are so immovable in their mysterious silence for us as for Wordsworth, the ocean is so untamable for us, as it was for Byron. Perhaps also the contemplation of the changing universe during the past century of daring and imaginative science has endowed nature with a romantic career of its own, such as the old humanists ascribed only to men; perhaps the progress of stars, planets and solar systems, observed or guessed at, suggests in spite of the evolution it illustrates a deeper kind of rest in the laws by which that evolution conducts itself; so that the last result of turning from human art to watch the behavior of inanimate things is the conviction that nothing is really inanimate, but that all move in the wisdom of an art superhuman, in an order peaceful and eternal as only a divine vitality could conceive. When we think of nature in this sense of the word, leaving man out of the picture,

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ourselves too as far as possible who do the thinking, we are ready to say with Emerson that art is an impertinent intrusion, nature is all. "Nature in the common sense refers to essences unchanged by man; space, the air, the river, the leaf; art is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture; but his operations taken together are so insignificant,—a little shaping, baking, patching and washing, —that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind they do not vary the result."

We can speak of nature in this all-embracing way so long as, like Emerson for the moment, we lay aside every thought of man and of the moral world which he creates or brings under his control, and in which his responsibility is fixed. But once we resume that human outlook, we begin to use the word natural in at least two other senses. In the first place we use it to describe the process of life, that constant birth or becoming which seems to have been present to the mind of the Greek also when he used his word for nature—as when Aristotle says, in a famous phrase, that art is an imitation of nature, meaning that the process of art is a copy of the processes of birth and becoming, and creates by the same methods that life does. In this sense of the word nature is like art, not opposed to it, and with this interpretation Polixenes tried to rebuke the cult of the natural in Perdita, who would not have in her garden a flower artificially bred:

> Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
> A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
> And make conceive a bark of baser kind
> By bud of nobler race: this is an art
> Which does mend nature—change it rather: but
> The art itself is nature.

We use the word nature also to describe the raw material of life which is the result of a previous birth or becoming. It is what some earlier art, human or divine, has already worked on, and what we must work on now if art is to continue. Nature in this sense is the marble, the color, the language which are to be

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the mediums of various arts; human passions and instincts also, the social and the material environments which attend our lives, the accidents of fortune which make up their plots; and since all this is what art must work upon, nature so defined is forever somewhat opposed to art, as inanimate materials are opposed to the workman, as the wood and the chisel are opposed to the carpenter. For art is the use of the materials of life for human benefit, a method employed for a premeditated end in a world which except for art might seem given over to chance. Because it is a rearrangement and a control of nature to effect the will of man, life itself, so far as it becomes civilized, becomes an art. But in a world as old as ours the raw material with which art deals is itself the result of art; the wood has been already shaped into boards, the chisel and the hammer have been made into tools before the carpenter touches them, and the environment in which the carpenter is born, the instincts and passions he inherits, the turns and coincidences of his fate, are all probably the result of what others before him made of their materials and opportunities. Thinking of life so, we see it as an alternation of nature and art, or as an alternation in which what first is art becomes afterwards nature, all the achievement of one generation turning into mere starting point and opportunity for the next; and thinking of life so, we understand how nature, to the true artist, is forever set over against art in a contrast that implies affection rather than antagonism, for those who instead of defining art as a decorative supplement to life identify it with civilization itself, are free to love nature without abandoning an ideal, as a sculptor is free to love fine marble, or the painter to love his medium of tint and tone. With time and by such a process of reworking, nature draws nearer and nearer to art; the raw material is made constantly more orderly by rearrangement, as a field is enriched by plowing in the crops. Even in the sphere of human character this is true, in the very seat of the natural, in our instincts and passions; for though we may agree that character should be measured by a moral career rather than by impulses wholly innate, yet it is well to reflect that your impulses and sentiments, if you are born and brought up in Florence or Chartres, Heidelburg or Seville, are likely to be different from the impulses and

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sentiments natural to a child born or brought up in The Bronx or in Hoboken. In the eyes of the naturalist, nature is all, as Emerson said, and art only a little shaping, baking, patching and washing, but to the artist who carries in his imagination something of the scope of agelong growth and creation, the truth is what Nature said to the poet in Voltaire's dialogue—"They call me nature, but by this time I am become all art."

III

The possibility, then, of returning to nature disappears when we realize how long a road we have traveled; all that the most primitive minded of us can do is to stick close to the raw material of his own life, to the circumstances with which the art of his predecessors surrounded him. This is the nature which the realists cultivate today. They report those facts of life from which art might take its beginning, but they report them as much as possible in an arrested state, for fear they might pass on into art. Mr. O'Neill gives us this kind of nature in his plays, Mr. Sinclair so reports the Middle West in his novels, Mr. Frank so studies New York City for us. Among the poets Mr. Frost, catching the accent of the spoken language, gives us the language of one phase of New England; Mr. Robinson, with a like faithfulness to the natural cadence, gives us another kind of New England speech; Mr. Lindsay has the colloquialism of his part of the country, Mr. Sandburg of his. They are all artists, or they would not mean so much to us, but in so far as they have followed their own ideals of the natural they have laid aside some of the magician's robes to which by inheritance they are entitled, and they leave with us their renderings of our world in a form of utterance less noble than their theme and out of harmony with it. In our prose and verse alike, the studied inadequacy of style to the occasion is a standing reproach to us, all the worse since it is often the pose of an inverted vanity, like the democratic conviction still flourishing in the land that the dinner coat or the evening coat is an artifice of a worn-out society, whereas the senatorial frock coat and wide hat are the natural and God-given sheathings of our original nakedness.

To revert to the starting point of our lives is to seek nature in

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vain, since the alternations of art and nature proceed relentlessly, whether we rest our dead weight on the process or try to help it along. It is a vain flattery of our reluctance to travel, to take our seat always in the last car. But, however futile, the cult of the natural in literature has a reasonable explanation, and it is well to understand with sympathy why it is likely to recur periodically in a civilization that must feel its age more and more. Art criticizes life, as we have often been told, by selecting or sifting it; that is what the word criticism means. The authority that art has over us, its right to make such a sifting, derives not from books but from the human brain itself, from the method of memory; we remember only by forgetting most of the things we have done or have suffered, and rearranging the rest. As we grow older life becomes clearer, we say, thanks to this selection and forgetting. When art sifts life, then, it is only imitating the process of nature, and when we observe the process we can understand why the Greeks said that memory was the mother of the muses. But this sifting of life on the part of memory and of art is progressive, and in all honesty we may wonder at times whether it has not gone too far. Some of the clarity of vision, the firmness of doctrine, which is the reward of old age, may be not the genuine harvesting of experience which is almost the gift of prophecy; it may be rather a partial memory which seems clear because so much has been left out. If a poet could get a first-hand impression of life, his art would be one sifting of nature; if he reacts not only to nature but to the interpretations of other poets, his art is a second sifting, more highly organized, perhaps, more intelligible, than is normally recorded from immediate contact with life. It makes no difference whether we call these siftings poetry or criticism, since poetry, as Arnold reminded us, is a criticism of life. The poet may submit his sensitiveness to nature as sifted through three or four or any number of interventions of personality, and we may call the result poetry, or criticism, or criticism of criticism; very often we cannot tell, and the poet does not know, whether the life that stimulates him is direct or transmitted. But in each remove from the first contact with nature, in each additional intervention of personality, we get a clearer order and a finer intelligibility—truth instead of facts,

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formulas instead of experiences, and fewer exceptions. The literature, then, which begins in naturalism will at last emerge in philosophy, if we allow it time enough, and the biography of an individual will be condensed and generalized into a proverb.

There are two good reasons, however, for suspecting this economical result. One is that the proverb is probably not true. To arrive at it, in each successive sifting we have left out something, and the total of all the omissions has become almost as comprehensive as the original experience. We must go back and gather up the discarded fragments of our adventure, in order to qualify properly our too simple and absolute summary of life. The art of the historian, we often fear, progresses by some such over-elimination; archæology sometimes rescues him by restoring large sections of a past, the absence of which he had not noticed, but in periods too recent for archæology to take him by surprise, he constantly rewrites his history, to sift it more to his mind, until we may suspect that his account is nearer to our philosophy than to the original facts. In history this tendency is hardly a matter of concern, for if we have a criticism of the eighteenth century which satisfies us, we are content, and the eighteenth century, being dead and gone, will not mind; the poet, therefore, can look on with equanimity while the historians propose to rewrite our national life in order to bring it more in harmony with our present sentiments toward this or that other country; the poet knows that history is not a science but one of the most fascinating of the arts, closely allied to eloquence in its mission to teach and persuade, and that having to do strictly with the past, it enjoys rare freedom in sifting its facts. But the poet himself enjoys no such freedom. Whatever he writes will be checked up by the life we now live; his readers will look into their hearts and criticize. If therefore he has gained his clarity by leaving out things essential in our experience, we reject him as too far from our reality to be of consequence to the race. He may be a philosopher; he is no poet.

His philosophy may even be true, and yet his right to the laurel may be justly denied. For the special service of art is to make us live more intensely in the very life which art sifts and selects—in fact, the sifting has for its conscious purpose a more vivid reali-

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zation of what we live through, and a novel or a play is successful, from the standpoint of imaginative literature, only in the degree to which we enter the work, become ourselves the hero, fall in love with the heroine, hate the villain. In this sense the dime novel and the melodrama, though carelessly branded by the theorist as bad art, are likely to be very good art indeed, and the over-reasoned story, though adorned with subtle reflection and refinements of diction, is in fact poor art, as the average person in his heart knows, for in such books the reflection upon life is paid for by a failure to represent what the reflection is about. If the author would only share with us the adventures that caused him to reflect, we could do our own reflecting upon them, but if he will not share the secret which inspires him, we do not care much what philosophizing he does. Literature continues to be great so long as the sifting it makes is really a selection only from life, and what remains is for the imagination still a first hand experience; when the residue grows thin to the imagination and addresses itself rather to logic, we feel justified in making whatever return we can to our starting point in nature, to reassure ourselves there, if we cannot in the book, that this human life we love is still with us.

IV

If such a taking to cover is observed in much writing today, the writers who in one form or another now cultivate nature rather than art may plead with justice that the best literature our country produced before them was perilously deficient in a sense of reality. If they do so plead, however, they ought to be consistent. If they think that so great an artist as Hawthorne was deficient in reality, that transcendental philosophy occupies too much room in his romances and the sense of actual American life too little, then they ought not to tell us at the same time that Poe and Whitman are our great poets, for those two were even further along toward the abstract than Hawthorne. And there will be an increasing obligation on those who in each generation of the fast-ripening world make a return to nature, to provide some demonstration that it is not life after all they are running away from. Some men have taken to the hermit's cell to find

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God; others to avoid responsibility. As civilization becomes greater in quantity, with more discoveries of science, with more apparatus of education, we need more and more the poetic genius that will dedicate this material to great ends, and by articulating for us what we can recognize as our best ideal, teach us to simplify life by casting off the other less significant interests. The solution of all this raw material for art can only be a greater art. When we turn back from this heroic opportunity to take refuge in what is for us nature, we must convince ourselves, if we can, that our retreat does not indicate in us inadequate equipment or weak nerve or small heart.

In our present cult of the natural there is cause to suspect some such lack of skill and courage. The plea that our predecessors were so deficient in reality that we, to save the day, must exhibit less art than theirs, will not go in the long run. Our new poetry is curiously relaxed and enervated in temper, ground-hugging, grey and flat; if we have moods which such writing adequately represents, we have other moments more cheerful and creative, which our architecture and our engineering manage to express, but which cannot be guessed at in our poetry, not as much as the oak can be guessed at in the acorn. Our novels, too, have lost their courage, and though they often represent photographically the machine of civilization which builds up around us, and which now is the raw material on which our art is to operate, they do not even attempt to portray the spirit of the artist which actually pervades the land, the joy in putting the machine to human uses, the almost divine ecstasy in having made so much of nature subject already to the mind. This mood of confidence in art is as much a fact in our national life as the number of gallons that flow over Niagara each hour, but the poets and novelists seem to have taken fright, and are making literature at least safe for nature.

In both verse and prose, in style as well as subject, the cult of the natural has limited our writers to a few individualistic attitudes, and has taken from them the power to speak with authority on all subjects for us all. We have no American poet, no American novelist; each is the poet or novelist of Vermont or Boston or Maine or Chicago—whatever scene is to him by birth or

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habit his natural world. To find a universal utterance of universal experience is the aim and the tendency of art, but the cult of nature compels us to return each in what state he came. The counsel to use the language of ordinary speech limits us to the speech of some locality; any such limitation is a fatal handicap for great poetry. The advice to use only the natural word-order limits us to the word-order which each of us finds natural, whereas it is our duty, on the contrary, if we make any claim to mastery in literature, to enlarge our vocabulary even beyond the words our family and our neighbors made natural to us, and to cultivate all the variety of word-order our speech permits, in order to enrich and refine our style, and render our meaning more precise. The temptation to get along with a small vocabulary and a meagre change of construction is altogether too natural; we did not need this premeditated urging to a still greater poverty. Hitherto the best remedy for a narrow equipment in language has been to read constantly in the great writers; it was they who extended the powers of speech and laid upon each tongue the shape and cadence which to the ill-informed might seem the gift of nature. But now that the ideal of the writer is to shrink to the measure of the conversation he is used to, how shall our nobler moments find expression? Not even in reading old authors, for by the contemporary doctrine of naturalness the old masters are artificial. "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried." . . . "At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed there he fell down dead." . . . "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

These cadences are not natural, and they are not modeled on the sounds that habitually fill our ears. Their distinction, or if you like, their condemnation, is that they are works of art. Such language gets away as far as it can from time and place, and by much sifting out from unessentials it tries to preserve a uni-

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versal appeal. If you can write this way at all, you can write as well in New York as in London, as well now as in 1611.

The purpose of art is to make its subject-matter also universal, to sift and rearrange the raw material of life into a history that will have as much meaning as possible for as many readers as possible, for as long as possible. But the cult of the natural tends to the opposite effect—to make the subject matter of literature temporary in its interest and limited in its meaning. The "Kikis" and the "Hairy Apes" which please us for the moment, since they conform to our taste in the spontaneous, the impromptu and the natural, are but the raw material of drama; good plays might be made out of them; but in each case the author stops the story before we pass from nature to art. It is natural, in the sense of our definition, that a stoker in modern times should have two ideas—that to the idle and effete he may seem akin to the missing link, and that since he is at the bottom of society, he must be supporting it. Quite a philosophy can be made out of two ideas, and these two, when put together, promise an explosion. But after all, nothing explodes. The man simply enunciates his two ideas in different accents of violence, until the author thinks it is time to stop, and gets him strangled in the zoo. An artist would have been interested to see in action a character with such a philosophy. Similarly, *Kiki* has an idea, a very simple one; by any means in her power the girl is going to capture the man she loves. Since the only means in her power are very eccentric ones, we watch her eccentricity with astonishment for the three acts; her behavior is original, like nothing that ever was or will be, and our interest is held by the growing desperation of her ingenuity. Well, she gets him—for much the same reason that the hairy ape was strangled, because it is time for the audience to go home. An artist would have granted her ambition as natural, and her success as natural too; he would have shown us, however, what happened after her success, when her philosophy of opportunism in etiquette would have met its test. Had *Much Ado About Nothing* been written by the author of either *Kiki* or *The Hairy Ape*, the play would never have got further than the raw material of the story, the legend that Benedick and Beatrice waged a merry war between them; we should have had

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an evening's entertainment of jokes and insults, made gradually more intensive, more violent and more surprising in order to hold us till the last curtain. Shakespeare, choosing the way of art, begins rather at the point where the wit of Beatrice and Benedick is exhausted; they have the reputation for it, but their public efforts show signs of strain and flagging. From this start in nature the play proceeds to represent what happened to Benedick and Beatrice, the witty enemies, when serious accidents brought their fates together.

V

Nowhere in literature, perhaps, is art so obviously essential and naturalism so obviously fatal as in drama, for drama, by exhibiting life to us directly, quickens to its utmost whatever desire we have to see our fellows move on from their natural beginnings to some achievement or significant conclusion. Impulses, ideas, motives, prejudices, passions, and as we now say, complexes, are all natural forms of energy; in real life they weary us if they have only a lyric expression, and we wish they would get started into action. Their attempts toward action may be thwarted, and such a defeat may be tragically significant, but at least they should try, and if instead of trying they waste themselves in talk, they become not energies but nuisances. It is for this reason, we suppose, that Aristotle long ago cautioned us that tragedy, or all drama, is an imitation not of men but of an action, and that plot is the essential thing. He might have said that character may exist in a state of nature, but plot presupposes art in life, a selection from all other incidents of one succession of events which so selected have a meaning. What he did say was that without action there can be no drama, but there may be without character. Plot is a generalization of life, in which the actors may or may not be portrayed as individuals. The woman who lost the piece of silver, the good Samaritan, the mother of Œdipus, are clear enough in their universal relation to the story in which they appear; their personalities may be restated to suit our taste, or left undefined. We read in the newspaper that a man jumps into the river to save a drowning child, and having got to land, discovers that he has rescued his

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own son. We live in that drama without asking what was the character of the father or what was the psychology of the son.

It is remarkable how Shakespeare illustrates Aristotle's doctrine, by showing his characters in action and by avoiding as far as possible an analysis of their motives, their instincts, their prejudices, their passions. Life with him finds expression in art or not at all. It is a mirror indeed which he applies to nature, not a microscope; in his glass we see the form of virtue and the features of vice, we know who are good and who are bad, at least as accurately as we form such judgments in life, but we do not know the motives of the good or the bad. What were Falstaff's motives? Should he be acted as a comic or a tragic character? Why did Portia like Bassanio? Why did Cordelia take such an absolute stand with her father? What did Hero think of Claudio, or Hermione of Leontes, after the restoration to the jealous husband? Was Hamlet's mother an accessory to the murder of his father, or did her conscience trouble her only because she had made a second marriage and in such haste? The profundity of Shakespeare's art lies in his genius for representing the surface of action; in art as in ethics, life is chiefly conduct, and it is enough that behind conduct lies unprobed the same mystery that lies behind existence itself.

But since naturalism thinks otherwise, Shakespeare is no longer our example. Browning is more in our vein. For him the natural man, the raw material of each one of us, the hidden instincts and impulses, must be the whole subject, and action he finds useful only in the fragmentary incidents that must be premised before you can conclude anything even about instincts. Few verdicts in criticism are wider of the mark than the too familiar saying that Browning's genius is Shakespearean. He is the opposite of Shakespeare. He is absorbed in what we call in a loose way psychology, in the original man apart from his conduct, or as far apart from it as you can separate him. To be so concerned about motives and instincts is to be a kind of inverted dramatist, moving back from action instead of toward it; it is no wonder, therefore, that Browning's so-called dramas fail on the stage, since in that direct relation to the audience their static naturalness, their inability to live out a significance in conduct,

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is pitilessly revealed. Everybody examines himself and talks about himself, as God made him; nothing gets under way; the audience is finally delivered by the death of the soliloquizer, not in a zoo, but more politely, it may be, in a gondola. "Even if you string together a set of speeches expressive of character," said Aristotle, "though well finished in diction and in thought, yet you will not produce the essential tragic effect nearly so well as with a play which, however deficient in these respects, yet has a plot and artistically constructed incidents." To return to nature absolutely would be to return to silence. Short of silence, to return to nature in literature is to confess your private character in monologue. Browning is master in that kind. It would be untactful to name the writers today who share the mastery with him, and perhaps it is enough merely to suggest the idea. To save time we might prudently meditate rather upon the few poets and novelists remaining whose art gets further than monologue.

Meanwhile the universe marches on its secret errand, not altogether secret since it marches, and its art is slowly dramatized in its vast conduct. Art for art's sake is a formula inspiring if taken in a noble sense, but in any sense it is intelligible as a programme deliberately chosen. To cultivate nature for nature's sake is absurd. For nature is here without our aid, and to preserve it in what we call its pure state, we need cultivate nothing—unless it be a more animal contentedness to profit in indolence by the art of those who came before us.

JOHN ERSKINE.

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THE SECOND COMING OF ISRAEL

BY RABBI JOEL BLAU

I

THE British mandate for Palestine, despite hostile agitation and intrigue, is signed and approved, and thus, by the action of the League of Nations, the Jewish Homeland, though not yet a historic fact, has become a historic possibility. But this has not put an end to unfriendly agitations. The Arabian delegation, returning home undeniably defeated, marched nevertheless into the Holy City under triumphant banners, as if to show their untamed spirit and their expectation of ultimate victory. Added to this, stories of the restlessness of the Arabian population—behind which, however, one suspects the propagandist's wish that is father to the thought—continue to pour in through the news channels. Nor do British Lords and sundry politicians scruple to make common cause with *agents provocateurs*, and to champion the Arabian Effendi at the expense of the cause of Zion. Now and again we still hear parliamentary speeches on the costliness of the English policy in Palestine; and the abandonment of the mandate, or at least the withdrawal of the Balfour Declaration, is being urged in many a quarter. In Palestine itself an attempt is afoot to boycott the Government loan as a protest against the mandate and as a taunt to the Zionists. The opposition, then, to the restoration of the Jewish people to the land of their fathers is still alive, and, if dying, certainly dies hard.

Some student of Ethnic Psychology in the year 2000 (a Teuton most likely) will find interesting material for excogitation in the fact of Christian and Moslem joining hands against the Children of Israel. Nothing can be more humorous—in a melancholy sort of way—than this curious phenomenon that the ancient hatred of Jews clothes itself in a newly discovered love of Arabians.

How inconsistent! Jews wish their Arabian cousins well. They eagerly claim kinship with them in race and language.

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They find in their strict Monotheism an additional bond between themselves and the sons of Ishmael. They respect the national aspirations of the Arabian people in their own land. They would be glad to see Mecca and Medina rise as high above the hills of the world as does Jerusalem the Beautiful. They are even willing, out of their richer and riper cultural experience, to help their Arabian kinsmen in restoring the Golden Age of Arabian civilization and bringing light into the lowliest Fellah tent. It is this very thing that the Effendi fears. He is afraid of the spread of enlightenment in Palestine through Zionist effort, with its attendant rise in the standard of wages and living. The Rutenberg plan, besides electrifying Palestine by the use of the headwaters of the Jordan, may galvanize among others the slow-moving, soporific, servile Fellah into a realizing sense of his being exploited by the rich landholding Effendi class. A Jewish Edison is not wanted in Palestine to let the light in. The electric bulb and mediæval darkness are incongruous: the Effendi knows this; already some Fellahs know it, too. Some day all Fellahs will know it; and then the Arabian people as a whole will look back upon this anti-Zionist agitation and see it in its true light: as the combined endeavor of Effendi and anti-Semite—an inglorious alliance, forsooth.

Meantime, what hurts most is that any flimsy stuff seems good enough to be forged into an anti-Semitic weapon. The most solemn teachings of Scripture are set aside, historic evidence is disregarded, if only any claim the Jew might put forth can be denied and laughed to scorn. Yet, what can be plainer than the Jewish claim to Palestine? Palestine *is* Jewish, because if it had not been Jewish it would simply not be Palestine. It would not be the Holy Land as it lives in the consciousness of the world. This constitutes a claim that no legal or historic quibbling can invalidate or effectively gainsay. The Balfour Declaration, though sufficiently vague, meant at least thus much. To the anti-Semite, however, it only seems to mean a fresh opportunity.

To make this declaration of British good-will mean still more in times to come is the task of the Jew—of the Zionist, who is but the Jew raised to the *n*th power, the super-Jew. He will not shirk it. To him the electric bulb hung up by the Zionist

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Rutenberg is not a mechanical contrivance but verily a sacred twentieth century symbol of the new light that was anciently promised to shine forth from Zion. But the symbol is twofold. For the Jew believes that a restored Zion—a latter day *Gerusalemme Liberata*—will spread light not only into his own dark world but also into the troubled and confused life of mankind.

It will be well to consider the Zionist venture under this double aspect: What it means to the Jew; and, What it means to the world.

II

We turn to the first aspect. Shallow-minded observers, both within and without, have too lightly assumed that Zionism is but a reaction against pogroms and persecutions, which spends its force with the disappearance of at least the virulent forms of anti-Semitism. But Zionism is more than that. The Jew is tired and homesick; and Zionism is the nostalgic cry of a harassed people. It is the home- and space-hunger of the Jewish Soul, stunted and dwarfed in alien soil, for its oriental habitat, where it can regain its original height and bloom, the outflowering of its noblest faculties.

Bolder than ever has the question become of late: Is there any room for the Jew *qua* Jew in the West? And the most encouraging sign is that the question is no longer being asked by the Jew-hater alone, but by the Jew himself. I say encouraging,—though that may sound paradoxical in many an ear,—because it shows that the Jew is laying timidity aside, and is beginning to look at his problem from within: not merely in terms of the possible or impossible improvement of his relations to his Gentile neighbor, but rather in terms of his own spiritual difficulties, in terms of the enhancement of his racial character and racial life. And the answer that the Jew is giving to this soul-searching question is equally courageous and manly: If there is no room for the Jew in the West, he will go East! But let the world make it possible for him to return to his first home. He hears Mother Zion calling to him, as she called to the Prophet or Psalmist who wept by the rivers of Babylon, and he would fain follow her call. He knows that, spiritually if not materially, he will be better off there, in the Old Home: and the world may heave a sigh of relief.

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There he will solve his own inner problem; and the external problem, created by the persistence of anti-Semitism, will solve itself almost automatically. For it cannot be repeated too often that the Jew's external problem can only be solved by the solving of his internal problem or problems. Anti-Semitism cannot be successfully combatted in the Diaspora; it can only be countered in and through a Jewish Palestine. In Palestine the Jew will find himself once again; there he will find his God and rediscover his Jewish soul. He will release his creative energy, found his own culture, and cease to be a pensioner upon the charily doled out good-will of the world. Rather will he develop his originality, and send forth from the motherland his peculiarly Jewish contribution to human civilization, which the world will accept with better grace at this distance than it does today from a proximity too close for mutual comfort.

Judaism, as developed by the Eternal Jew, is not a mere theology: one might call it an inspired biology. To the writer in the New Testament, and many an earnest Christian theologian, Judaism has appeared only a mass of legal enactments, tinged with what by both an error of history and of language has come to be called "Pharisaic" hypocrisy. But there is something in the spirit of the Pharisee which defies meticulous analysis, as it defies the greatest analyzer—Time: something that readily discloses itself to loving insight in the light of eternal values. And because the Church had unfortunately missed this Something—this Everlasting Pharisee Spirit—it construed Judaism to be merely a life of law. But it is not that: rather is it a law of life, the most glorified expression of the "will to live". To this law all things have been and are subordinated; even the Jewish religion with its distinctive ceremonial served chiefly as a means of assuring the preservation of the Jewish type. However, if in the past this law expressed itself mainly through exclusive Ghetto observances, today, when Talmudic Judaism has broken down and ritualism fails as a mode of self-realization; today, when the whole basis of Jewish life must be shifted and the Jewish problem viewed from a new angle: today it is the Land that must serve as the instrument of the survival of the Ancient People. Survival? No—rather call it a revival: not merely the feeble

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gesture of a people that has outlived its usefulness and does not know how to withdraw gracefully from the scene, but the determination of a tremendously vital race to live fully, and live gloriously. Call it, if you will, survival, but survival with a purpose: not merely brute self-preservation, rather preservation of the Self; not a Darwinian survival of the fit as much as a survival of the wit, of that fair Emersonian "symmetry that reaches as far as the wit", which to the sage of Concord was the high attribute of race individuality, and which must by all thoughtful men be acknowledged as the inalienable possession of every self-revering member of the families of the earth.

The Jew of today, the Jew steeped in the noble Pharisee spirit and tradition as here conceived (I love to call him the Modern Pharisee), is convinced that in Palestine this symmetry of the racial structure can be restored, enhanced and raised to its highest pitch of perfection. The Jew needs to be humanized; to learn and unlearn a great many things. He must secure a new education in freedom, a new skill in self-management. He must rid himself of the "reproach of Egypt"—of the many faults acquired in the land of the stranger. He must retain only what was best in his past life and training, and slough off what may mar his character and conduct. For example, the old dialectic studies of the Jewish school made undoubtedly for nimbleness of intellect; but such nimbleness is its own nemesis. The kind of mentality that answers one question with another is, for all its keenness and subtlety, unfit to adjust itself to the less idiosyncratic mind of mankind at large. The Jew must learn how to face difficulties squarely, man-fashion; how to meet them without subterfuge, shortcut or loophole. He must also learn that Mind is but one-half of man's being, while Spirit is the other half—and the better half at that. Rationalism has been his bane, nationalism will prove his boon: for only through a wholesome national existence in Palestine can the Jew again be attuned to the Call of the Infinite. He who erstwhile drew from the Jordan the waters that refreshed the heart of the world, and heard the Father whisper in the mysterious silences that brooded over the mountains of Judea, must return to the same old fountain-head of inspiration, and interpret for mankind the speech of the mute

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skies. Truth ever grew out of the Palestinian soil: it will sprout afresh from under the plough-shares of the Zionist pioneers. Zionism, in a word, is naught else than a stupendous scheme for the reëducation of an entire race!

There will be those to ask, What warrant is there for the expectation that the Jewish race can be reëducated and refined in Palestine, its character restored, nay, exalted? The answer is that, as a matter of fact, this miracle has already been accomplished. First, there are the much-admired Jewish colonies. Then, it is no exaggeration to say that within the last three or four decades Jewish Palestine has given birth to and nurtured a new human type. Unmarred by the stigmata of the Ghetto, without a vestige of queerness or abnormality, yet intensely individualistic—the neo-Hebrew of the flashing eye and erect stature exhales a breath of freedom in a way that must amaze any beholder who has only known the Jew, emancipated or not, of the Diaspora. Lastly, there is the miracle of the revival of the Hebrew language. No outsider can have an adequate idea of what it meant to make the ancient tongue of prophet and psalmist live again on the lips of the neo-Palestinians. It meant the creation practically of a new language on the basis of the old; and it is simply marvelous how fast the modern Hebrew language is becoming a flexible medium of expression for both literary and everyday uses. And the young Palestinian Jews, even the little children, are passionately devoted to their old-new language, which they regard as the symbol of their "new freedom". "*Sabhtha*" (granny), said the three-year old scion of a well-known Palestinian pioneer family to the grandmother who held him in her lap, "*sabhtha*, why dost thou speak Yiddish? *Dabberee 'Ibhrith!* Speak Hebrew!" "I can't," replied the grandmother who had emigrated from Russia. And then, once again the three-year old wisdom: "Dost see, *sabhtha*, how broken thy teeth are; that comes from talking Yiddish: speak Hebrew, and thy teeth will be all right again." The sage advice of the tot expresses to perfection the conviction of the best minds among Jews of today that by going back to the old home and the old culture all that is broken in Jewish life will be repaired and made whole again. Upon this conviction rests the establishment of

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the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, which may yet gather into its halls the greatest intellects of Jewry—and of the world too—an Einstein, a Bergson, a Brandes.

These things have been achieved under the greatest difficulties: how much more will be accomplished when the Jew obtains full autonomy! But, some ask, What of the Jews that cannot or will not return to Palestine? The answer is that Palestine is not a solution for the individual but for the group. The chief purpose is not that Jews be saved but that the Jew be saved, that the type be preserved. The fate of those who elect not to return may be ultimate absorption; but should this not be the case, they too are sure to bask in the reflected glory of the new Jewish life in Palestine, and in consequence will find that prejudice will gradually disappear, and the maintenance of a dignified Jewish life, within certain limits, will be possible. It is however to be expected that if the Palestinian experiment proves successful, Jews will want to return; and, moreover, room will be found for practically the entire race, or at least for a representative part thereof. And that will be the last of the Jewish problem.

Hence we are once again back at the cardinal point: You cannot solve the Jewish problem from without, you must solve it from within. You cannot meet anti-Semitism with arguments, you must counter it with action, with a definite programme. You cannot forever and aye contrive new replies to the charges hurled at the Jewish people: you can best refute them by raising a new attractive Jewish type in Palestine. For the only possible answer to a stubborn, persistent anti-Semitism is a purified and exalted Semitism.

How stubborn, indeed, is anti-Semitism! And how illogical! How can any anti-Semite consistently oppose the reëstablishment of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine? Anti-Semitism involves the proposition that there is no room for the Jew in the Western world. On this point the Semite is in full agreement with the anti-Semite. However, the corrolary of this proposition is that if not in the West then in the East. But what logic is there in barring the Jew both from the West and the East? The blood of hundreds of thousands of Jews slain in Poland, Russia, Ukraine and Hungary cries from the ground, repeating

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the eternal question, to the tune of the tramping feet of six-hundred thousand Jewish orphans: "*Wohin?*"—whither? Whither shall they go? There must be some spot on God's earth which the Jew might call his own, and where the age-long man-hunt of which he is the perennial victim might come to a halt. Why, even the recent history of Palestinian events has shown that pogroms are just as easy under a Jewish High Commissioner as under a Russian *Chinovnik*. But this thing cannot go on for ever! The Jew cannot be destroyed, even though mankind were resolved to exterminate him. And he cannot be pushed off the globe: the Martians have not yet declared their intention of receiving the Jew as full-fledged patriotic citizens of Mars—apart from obvious difficulties of transportation. But the way is open to Palestine; and one fails to understand how any true anti-Semite can refrain from supporting Zionism.

If but the anti-Semite were as much in agreement with the Semite touching the Jewish question as the Semite is with the anti-Semite! Chesterton, in his *New Jerusalem* (a name for the Old Hatred) puts forth the topsy-turvy idea that Zionism will best succeed if it fails. To him the value of Zionism lies in the mere *geste*. But why not be consistent? If he objects to the presence of the Jew in London, and also in Jerusalem, where in the name of common sense, let alone humanity, shall the Jew go to?

III

We will now turn to the second aspect—the universal aspect of the Zionist ideal. Zionism insists that the civilized nations of the world have a vital interest in the restoration of the Jew to Palestine. And this not from the negative standpoint of ridding themselves of their Jewish citizens, which they may not succeed in accomplishing; but from the positive standpoint of advancing the cause of human civilization.

For beneath all the alleged perversions of character and conduct we so often hear of, there still beats the same Jewish heart that has ever created the most beautiful dreams of the world. And in saying this, the thought suggested is not that the Jew wishes to be a pensioner on his own past, and therefore asks for Palestine as an Old Folks' Home for a decrepit people; but that,

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knowing the possibilities of his own national soul, he asks for an opportunity to realize them through a new creative effort that shall turn the Land of the Fathers into the Land of the Children, the Promised Land into a Land of Promise. And the promise of the new life in the old land is this: that Palestine will once again become the source of religious and moral inspiration for mankind. Let mankind remove the burden from the repressed spirit of the Jew, and his racial Genius will lay the foundations of the better civilization of the future. Palestine, as no other land under the heavens, may well be turned into an experiment station for the realization of the prophetic dream of universal justice and peace, made possible only through a better adjusted social order, through a persistent, progressive attempt at perfecting human relations. The Zionist ideal is not a narrow parochial one which seeks no community with the human race at large. Zionists know best that a world reconciled and healed is the very condition of the success of their own strivings. Therefore, the Zionist ideal, stated fully, is:—A free Israel in a free Palestine, and a free mankind in a free world: a free Israel as the Messianic instrument of a free world.

If ever there was a self-repairing organism, Israel is that. It has in its own blood and breeding all the necessary healing agencies to correct the abuses and deficiencies of its unfortunate past. For example, if on the highways of Judaism we meet with rigid formalism and an unattractive rationalism, on the byways of Judaism, ever shunned by its official exponents, blossom in obscurity some of the fairest flowers of the Jewish Soul. It is to these byways that the world owes a Spinoza, a Bergson—the teachings of both being none other than a conscious or unconscious translation into modern form of the Jewish Kabbalah. When, for example, Bergson identifies Knowledge with Love (Intuition), one well-versed in Jewish literature is amused to find in a Hebrew work on the Kabbalah, dating from the twelfth century, this same doctrine of the identity of Love and Knowledge. This, by the way, furnishes a hint as to why the world does not love the Jew—it does not know him. It certainly does not know of the vast untapped sources of spiritual energy within the eastern soul of the Jew. The world has taken much from the Jew; it does not

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know how much more there is in him waiting to be taken and used for the common good.

And how can the world be indifferent to the release of this unused energy? Is the world so rich in spiritual wealth that it can afford to neglect new civilizational possibilities? What a confession, for instance, on the part of Dean Inge in his publicly expressed scepticism on the subject of progress! The fearful disenchantment engendered by the war has given rise not merely to the question to what extent we have advanced, but whether human progress is possible at all—if it is not one of the many pathetic illusions of man? The world is in a state of unrest. The great ideals of the war have not been realized. There is no new heaven, and the earth is just a trifle older and less hopeful. Militarism is still rampant, and nations have not abated their greed. Democracy has come to mean middle-class democracy, whose ideal is acquisition rather than creation: a democracy which is not safe even for Democracy. Comfort has been accepted as the criterion of civilization, with frenzied pleasure as an exaltation of the jaded nerves. Our world is oversexed and naked—naked, not with the beautiful unashamed nakedness of the Hellenes, but with the provocative lure and leer of the breathless sex-chase: a world in which Puritan and Epicurean unwittingly combine to kill the sane and sanctified enjoyment of the beauty of the world. No new vision of life has risen out of the flames of the war; while the churches still cherish the dim half-light of the Dark Ages. Is it not possible that the new vision will come from where it always did come—from the Jewish East? Perhaps a new synthesis of all the dreams the world ever dreamed: of Hellenism and Semitism; of the fairest hopes that ever shone between the columns of the Acropolis and gleamed on the Tower of David? Will not the Law once more go forth from Zion and the word of God from Jerusalem?

It is enough to know that the Jew is even today groping for a new vision, a new understanding. The world indeed is in a state of unrest. But the world is path-lost, while the Jew is finding his way back to Zion. And then there is a difference between world unrest and Jewish unrest. For when the West is in a condition of unrest the result is a new war. But when the East is in tur-

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moil of soul the result is a new Bible, a new Messiah. And when was the world in greater need of Bibles and Messiahs than today? These are not considerations, perhaps, that weigh with politicians whose sphere is limited by *Realpolitik*. But if the statesmen of our age were endowed with true wisdom, they would combine to help Israel regain the dignity of full statehood in Palestine. Nothing less can be satisfactory either to the Jew or to the world. Palestine should be made in time as Jewish as England is English, or as America is American. The Balfour declaration cannot be regarded as more than a beginning—a step in the right direction. The difficulties in the way of the final consummation of the Zionist hope are many, but the Jew is undaunted. Indeed, with all these difficulties, the Jewish people looks for no outside help. It is ready to shoulder the gigantic task of the reconstruction of Palestine, unaided. Broken and battered Israel, suffering from bitter enemies without, hampered within both by the poverty of its faithful and by the wealth of its faithless sons, is expected to undertake the well-nigh impossible job of building up the ancient wastes of the Holy Land. No matter—for Israel the impossible is possible. But how can the nations stand by and watch with indifferent if not hostile eye the struggle of this hapless people for rehabilitation? Devastated Belgium, devastated France, has readily commanded the generous sympathy of the world: Why not devastated Judea? If the statesmen of the world possessed the vision they would see that it is not enough to restore Palestine to the Jew; they should help restore the Jew to Palestine; for if the Jews are too poor and powerless to effect a complete restoration, not alone of the Land to the People but also of the People to the Land, some means ought to be found to help them, and thereby remove once for all this cankering sore from the body of mankind—the Jewish problem.

Remove the sore: remove what is today a disruptive element. Place this element where it belongs and utilize what is potentially the world's greatest source of spiritual energy. If the nations of the world refuse to put this element (which, like all elemental forces, can tear down or build up according to right or wrong use) in its proper place, they have only themselves to reproach

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for the resultant havoc. If, however, they act wisely, they may themselves look hopefully to the new dawn in the East, and wait for the greater glory the Jewish Soul will yet shed upon the whole earth. In times gone-by, when Israel lived in its own land, it sent forth one Saviour to mankind, and the result was Christianity; in times to come, when Israel will be restored to its land, it may send forth—reverently let this be said—many more saviors to a waiting world, and the result will be—Humanity.

Half the world believes in the second advent of the Man of Nazareth. Why should not the whole world accept, in a wider sense, this beautiful hope of the reappearance of the promised Messiah, and wait with bated breath for the Second Coming of Israel?

JOEL BLAU.

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MODERN YUGOSLAV LITERATURE

By MILIVOY S. STANOYEVICH

DURING the nineteenth century Yugoslav literature passed through four phases, which took place roughly speaking in the first, fifth, eighth and tenth decades. Between 1800 and 1850 occurred the first Romantic revolt known in Yugoslavia as Illyrism or the Illyric movement; between 1850 and 1870 we have practically the same literary movement under the name Young Serbia or the times of *Omladina* (Youth). The period from 1870 to 1900 is characterized as Realism or Naturalism, and the authors from 1900 up to the present are often called the Symbolists or Modernists, who attempt to strike out altogether new lines in art and poetry.

I

The leadership of the Romantic period in Yugoslav literature belongs to three great pioneers: Yerney Kopitar, Vuk Stefanovich, and Lyudevit Gay. This triumvirate of literary reformers was followed by the poets and Romantics proper: Stanko Vraz, Ivan Mazhuranich, Branko Raditchevich, Petar Petrovich Nyegosh, France Preshern, and Petar Preradovich.

The most brilliant, influential and infinitely versatile of all the Yugoslav authors was Vuk Stefanovich. He was born in Trshich, a village near the river Drina. As a boy he learned to read and write in a monastery, using a reed instead of a pen and a solution of gunpowder for ink. In lieu of writing paper he was happy if he could get cartridge wrappings. Throughout that whole region there was no regular school at that time and his father at first did not allow him to go to Austria. Meanwhile the Serbian insurrection had broken out in 1804. Vuk was made a scribe in a military company. When the Turks plundered and burned his native village, he betook himself to the city of Karlovtsi and studied there privately the Latin, Germanic and

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Slavonic languages. Later on he was for a certain time in the civil service of the Serbian Government. In 1813 he was forced to leave his country, which had again been conquered, and went to Vienna. Here chance brought him into contact with Yerney Kopitar, the well known Slavist, who was the first to write a scientific *Slovene Grammar* and to recommend the popular tongue for the literary language. He encouraged Vuk to write also a *Serbian Grammar* and *Serbian Dictionary*, and to introduce the vernacular speech into literature. This programme was adhered to by the latter, who all his life acknowledged gratefully what he owed to his mentor. His future life was devoted to the reformation of the Yugoslav language and gathering of traditional songs, legends, proverbs, riddles, customs and usages.

In 1814–1815 Stefanovich published two volumes of *Srpske Narodne Pesme* (Serbian National Songs), which afterwards increased to four, then to six, and finally to nine volumes. In enlarged editions, these admirable songs drew towards themselves the attention of all literary Europe. Goethe characterized some of them as "excellent and worthy of a comparison with Solomon's *Song of Songs*." Jacob Grimm found in them a link between "Oriental and Occidental lyrics." He compares them with the noblest flowers of Homeric poetry, and for *Zidanye Skadra na Boyani* (Building of Scutari on the Boyana) he says that it is "one of the most touching poems of all nations and all times." The founders of the Romantic School in France, Charles Nodier, Prosper Mérimée and Lamartine, translated a goodly number of them, and they also attracted the attention of some English men of letters, Walter Scott, Owen Meredith, and John Bowring. In recent days we find a few collections of translated Serbian songs in both English and American literature. Especially good renderings were made during the World War and after by J. W. Wiles, H. Rootham, and D. H. Low.

Stefanovich's great merit for Yugoslav letters is threefold. First, he revised the written speech; secondly, he collected the national poetry; and thirdly, he created a new basis of literary taste. His reform was founded on a phonetic principle, which is today known as simplified spelling (Write as you speak, and read as it is written). By this rule he introduced one sign

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for each sound, and one sound for each sign. Except the Spanish, perhaps, hardly any other nation in the civilized world has such a simple, logical and precise spelling system as this. His volumes of the popular ballads and lyrics were a discovery in the true sense of the word. They served as a standard for other similar collections in Slavonic literatures, and with their simple structure, their vision and breath of beauty, they inspired men of genius. A whole generation of Yugoslav poets was reared and educated in the spirit of the national poetry. And this was due to Vuk Stefanovich, to his invincible diligence and his ardent enthusiasm for lore and literature.

The champions of Illyrism, instrumental in securing the triumph of Vuk and Gay, were Vraz, Mazhuranich and Raditchevich. Stanko Vraz was one of the principal stars in the Illyric (Yugoslav) firmament. He wrote love poems entitled *Dyulabiye* (The Red Apples) and several other collections of sonnets, ballads, verse-romances, and political satires. Ivan Mazhuranich is generally known by his classic epic *Smrt Smail-Age Tchengicha* (The Death of Ismail Aga Tchengich), published in 1846. This exquisite epopœia, written in the meter of the heroic Serbian ballads, gives a vivid description of life in Herzegovina under Turkish rule, and of the hereditary border feuds between Christians and Moslems. The style of the poem is natural and noble, the diction nearly always correct and elegant, and the verse as a rule sonorous and full of harmony. In later life Mazhuranich gave up poetry and, plunging into the vortex of politics, distinguished himself as a statesman.

Another writer, Branko Raditchevich, within a brief space of time contrived to enhance Yugoslav literature with several perennially attractive poems. *Dyatchki Rastanak* (The Students' Parting) is the best of his works. Nothing is lovelier in this remarkable poem than those passages in which he pictures the life of college students. For a time he gives himself up to the fleeting impressions of the moment. He greets the gently rolling hills and the changing scenes of the landscape. He revels in the calm and coolness of the forest and delights in the view of the Danube valley below with its widening rivers and vistas. In *Put* (The Road), a magnanimous allegory, Branko has shown unusual skill

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in satirical nomenclature by stigmatizing Vuk's adversaries who disapproved the reform of language and orthography. In the epic *Stoyan* he dared to measure himself with Byron, imitating *Lara*, and naturally came off as poorly as Belial might have done from a contest with Raphael. However the lyrics of this talented man display extreme tenderness, beauty, originality and delicacy of fancy. Some of his shorter pieces are adapted to national melodies and are sung by younger people all over the country. His poetry is small in bulk and slight in body, but it endures, and will endure, in Yugoslav literature, because it is the embodiment of the spirit of immortal youth. Branko is the poet of spring, and those who have not read him before the meridian of their lives may abandon all hope of perusing him when the snows of time are on their heads.

II

More perfect in their construction and technical execution than the above mentioned poets were Nyegosh, Preshern, and Preradovich. Petar Petrovich Nyegosh, the *Magnus Parens* of modern Yugoslav poetry, was a native of Montenegro. He commenced a career of literary exertion by the publication of a small collection of national songs. In 1845 he wrote *Lutcha Mikrokosma* (The Light of the Microcosm), a poem of great energy and sublimity of sentiment, founded on an episode of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. After two years appeared *Gorski Venats* (The Mountain Wreath), a dramatic masterpiece of magnificent conception, in which are described the virile qualities of his race. It is often called the "Serbian Iliad", and really there are in it some verses condensed into epigrams more concise than the Greeks ever uttered:

Merchant plays you with a smile beguiling,
Wife beguiles you with her tears bestreaming,
But the lie of Turk is far more monstrous . . .
. . .
No one ever drained the cup of honey,
Without bitter taste of gall enduring,
Cup of gall requires a cup of honey,
By the mingling one makes light the drinking . . .
. . .

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Wolf has right to undefenceless lambkins,
As the tyrant has o'er feeble subjects,
But to trample mercilessly the tyrant,
And to bring the righteous law to conquer,
Is a duty most humane and holy. . .

. . .

Besides writing *Gorski Venats*, Nyegosh is also the author of *Stepan Mali* (Stephen the Little), a drama without dramatic action, the theme of which was drawn from local history. Stephen the Little, the Montenegrin Rasputin, was a monk and adventurer who presented himself as the escaped Peter III, the murdered husband of Catherine II. After a few years this impostor of the Perkin Warbeck type was recognized and put to death. The mystery which generally surrounded the early Slavonic rulers, particularly marked in this case, gave Nyegosh good material which he handled in a masterly manner.

France Preshern was in certain respect a votary of classicism, especially in his collection *Sonetni Venets* (The Sonnet Wreath). In his epic *Krst pri Savitsi* (Baptism on the Savitsa) he manifested a clear tendency toward Romanticism. He was an apt, though not a servile, disciple of Byron, the brothers Schlegel, Bürger, and other "poets of full moon." The romantic love for mediæval traditions has complete expression in two dramas *Marko Kralyevich* and *Vladimir i Kosara* of Petar Preradovich. But this man achieved widespread popularity with his lyric poems. His pensive melancholy expressed itself in the allegory *Putnik* (The Traveler), which hides a whole life of homelessness and isolation. The same note of sadness and longing is felt in his songlet *Miruy, miruy, srtse moye* (Be still, my heart, be still). Some lines of the latter remind one of Musset's *Tu te gonfles, mon cœur*, although it is quite different in melody of words and structure:

Who has stirred thee, heart of mine,
That thou art so restless now?
As a bird in cage thou longest,
In the heavens to wing thy way.
Be still, my heart, be still! . . .

In most of his poems Preradovich upheld a mystic patriotism in the manner of the Polish messianists and Czechoslovak

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panslavists. But being too reflective, and not so keen as his progenitors, he did not exercise any decided influence on his successors.

The younger Romantic movement is represented by Lyuba Nenadovich, Dyura Yakshich, Yovan Yovanovich Zmay, Yosip Stritar, Yanko Yurkovich, August Shenoa, and Laza Kostich. Nenadovich was an author of considerable reputation and ability. His travels, in the form of letters, describe the sundry manners of western European people in their private and social life. He edited for several years a literary review *Shumadinka.* He also wrote lyric poems, but they did not bring him high fame so much as his versified *Zapisi* (The Inscriptions). The ease, elegance, and humorous mirth of these aphorisms have made many couplets pass into the memory and language of society. Dyura Yakshich, a king in heroic style, was a painter, educator and author. He may be considered the ideal representative of the age of *Omladina* (Youth). Into his *Stories* he infused creations of his own romantic fancy free from all external influences. His dramas *The Migration of the Serbs* (1864), *Elisabeth* (1868), and *Stanoye Glavash* (1878) are soaked with the essence of his nationality. They are lacking in technique, but they are full of inspiration. His song *Na Liparu* (On the Lipar Hill) is tender, and rises at length into a strain of grandeur and loftiness, which later poets have never been able to surpass. Some of his poems are marked with pessimism. A gloomy trait is particularly noticeable in his incantation *Ponoch* (Midnight) ending with a deeply sad tone:

The door creaked . . .
Oh, ghostly spirit! Oh, dear shadow!
Oh, my mother, happy am I now!
Yet have passed me many, many years
With their bitter and still bitter truths;
Many times my breast has trembled,
And my heart was fain to break,
Because of people and their errors.
Yet I consoled myself with death;
Many bitter cups I quaffed of,
Many loaves with tears I melted. . . .
Oh, mother, mother! Oh, dear spirit!
Since I last saw you, mother darling,

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No good has come near to bless me,
And perhaps even now you are thinking:
"It is well with him that he hears not
Spider weaving o'er the blackened ceiling!
He is midst the people, neighbors!" . . .
Yet it's bad to be amongst the rabble:
For malice stalks apace with vice,
With them envy shakes fraternal hands,
And the lie is always to be found
There where baseness leads them,
Flattery and treason court and serve them,
Escorted by unfaithfulness as well. . . .
Oh, mother, mother, malicious is the world,
Life, oh, my mother, is full of sorrow.

Of the same bent is Yovan Yovanovich Zmay, the poet of sympathy. In his lyric songs under the collective titles *Dyulichi* (Little Red Roses) and *Dyulichi Uveoci* (Faded Little Red Roses) he touches the highest point of his creative genius. There are six large volumes of his *Pevaniya* (The Book of Songs), and several smaller collections including the satires, epigrams, and children's songs. To the American literary world Zmay is known partly through the rendering of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson. In the following we have the poet's definition of poetry that few would think of contending for even in these modernistic days:

Where is Pain and dire Distress,
Songs shall soothe like soft caress;
Though the stoutest courage fails,
Song's an anchor in all gales;
When all others fail to reach,
Song shall be the thrilling speech;
Love and friends and comfort fled,
Song shall linger by your bed;
And when Doubt shall question, Why?
Song shall lift you to the sky.
(Johnson's translation)

Of the above authors the three are novelists: Yanko Yurkovich, Yosip Stritar, and August Shenoa. From their earliest years these three men of letters had been laying up from French sources impressions which were to be definitely useful to them in the creations of their interesting and suggestive prose-romances.

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Yurkovich deserves notice for his satires and dramatic compositions. Stritar was the founder and editor of a literary paper *Zvon* (The Bell), and wrote novels of which the most popular are *Zorin*, the Yugoslav *Werther*, and *Gospod Mirodolski* (Mister Mirodolski), a sort of *Vicar of Wakefield*. Shenoa edited the review *Venats* (The Wreath) and wrote the novels *Zlatarevo Zlato* (Goldsmith's Gold), *Selyatchka Buna* (The Peasant Revolt), and *Diogenes*. He is credited also with many short stories. Laza Kostich may be characterized as an eccentric but with a spark of genius. His writings abound in coined words, and in devious turns and twists of expression. He was the first to introduce iambic meter into the dramatic poetry, and the first translator of Shakespeare into Yugoslav. He also composed three original dramas: *Maksim Tsrnoyevich* (1866), *Pera Segedinats* (1875), and *Gordana* (1890).

III

In the eighth decade of the nineteenth century appeared in Yugoslav literature Svetozar Markovich and Yasha Ignyatovich, the founders of the Realistic School. It is from this time on that reaction against Romanticism may be said to date.

The second half of the last century was under the domination of science. The scientist was commonly believed to be in possession of the means whereby the riddle of the universe might be explained, and the whole future of humanity shaped. All the great writers of that time were under the irresistable spell of this prestige of science. Each sought to utilize as much as possible the facts and theories of science, and to make of the novel or drama an instrument of scientific observation and discussion. The Realists purported to create a school of "applied literature". The ultimate goal of the school was, first, exact and almost photographic delineation of the accidents of modern life, and secondly, non-suppression of the essential features and functions of that life which are usually suppressed. There is no doubt that Markovich and Ignyatovich belonged to this school.

Svetozar Markovich was a publicist and critic who first introduced the doctrine of social reform among the Southern Slavs. He exerted tremendous influence on his contemporaries, recom-

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mending them to be positivists in science, republicans in politics, and realists or rather utilitarians in literature. He subscribed to the realistic novels of Ignyatovich, who did not hesitate to draw largely on his own personal adventures and who professed to portray human life, not as a fairy-tale, but as "stuff on which to try the soul's strength". Among Yasha's best romances may be reckoned *Patnitsa* (A Miserable Woman), *Vasa Reshpekt* (Basil the Respectable), *Vetchiti Mladozhenya* (The Eternal Bridegroom), *Trpen Spasen* (The Suffered Saved), and *Milan Nerandzhich*. All these novels form a prominent landmark in the development of Yugoslav prose fiction.

Of the novelists following Ignyatovich there stand out a galaxy of story-tellers of whom the foremost are Yosip Yuritchich, Milovan Glishich, and Yanko Kersnik. The novels and sketches of country life of these authors are highly appreciated by the critics. In the same class are placed Eugen Kumitchich, Yanko Veselinovich, and Svetolik Rankovich, who tinged their picaroon romances with the spirit of revolt against established moral and political arrangements. And contemporary with these came writers of the social novel, Yosip Kozarats and Lyubomir Babich Dyalski, who in their short tales described the beauty and scenery of their homeland with much skill.

The fiction of psychological analysis was cultivated by Laza Lazarevich, who is still finding readers mostly because of his impeccable style, and Sima Matavul, who employed his skill in holding up to ridicule the peculiar foibles of the Dalmatian Slavs. Of about the same date as these there are two other novelists of note, Stevan Sremats and Radoy Domanovich. Sremats is one of the best Yugoslav humorists. His remarkable novels include *Ivkova Slava* (Ivko's Patron Saint), *Pop-Chira i Pop-Spira* (Priest Chira and Priest Spira), *Zona Zamfirova* (Zona of Zamphir), *Tchitcha-Yordan* (Uncle Jordan), and *Vukadin*—all characterized with local coloring. *Ivkova Slava* was dramatized and is far more successful in this new form. Domanovich is the diminutive Yugoslav Swift. During his short literary career he succeeded in developing the great powers of the satirical novel, although some of his stories are distorted by pessimism and grime.

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Succeeding these leaders we have the younger group comprising Fran Meshko, Borisav Stankovich, Fran Govekar, Velyko Petrovich, Ivo Chipiko, and Milosh Stanoyevich. All these promising *litterateurs* with slight exception adhere closely to the earlier established Realistic School. With their followers and contemporaries, of whom many are omitted here, they accept Realism as a practical method, not as an ultimate result and consummation. They never go down too deep and too low into the unclean mysteries of modern humanity. Their works abound in fertile imagination and vision. But these young men have an artistic distaste for experimental Naturalism and all that is repulsive and unseemly.

More celebrated as playwright than novelist is Branislav Nushich. His incident novels and journalistic *feuilletons* are not always of a moral and polished type, but they are lively and amusing sketches of life. He is more prolific in historical drama and comedy. Of his plays the most popular are *Protektsiya* (The Pull), *Obirchan Tchovek* (A Usual Man), *Iza Bozhyih Ledya* (Behind the Back of God), *Prince of Semberia* (English translation by Luka Dyuritchich and Bertha W. Clark), *Putchina* (The High Sea), *Hadzhi-Loya* and *Rastko Nemanyich*. Before him the comedy of characters was fostered by Yovan S. Popovich, and the comedy of intrigue by Kosta Trifkovich.

The historical bent given to drama by Nushich was continued by the versatile Ivo Voynovich and Antun Tresich Pavitchich. Apart from his dramas and songs, the latter is also the author of an intensely interesting book entitled *Preko Atlantika do Pacifika* (Across the Atlantic to the Pacific), in which he gives his clever and striking observations on American politics, literature and social life in general.

The Yugoslav "*Parnasse*", representing the last quarter of the nineteenth century, exhibits a remarkable transition between the old and the new poetic schools. To this group of poets belong Anton Ashkerts, Voislav Ilich, Silviye Kranytchevich, and Aleksa Shantich. The last named poet is one of the most engaging figures in Yugoslav literature. He is noted for his sincerity and appealing depth of sentiment. In the following verses we have an illustration of the genuine touches in his poetry:

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O, my night, when will thy shadows vanish?
—Never!
O, my dawn, when shall I see thee coming?
—Never!
O, my joy, when will I greet thy advent?
—Never!
O, my heaven, when will blaze thy glory?
—Never!
O, my darling, when our wedding banquet?
—Never!
O, my weeping, when will cease thy flowing?
—Never!

These poets paved the way for the modern Symbolistic School, of which the most noteworthy representatives in prose composition are Ivan Tsankar and Yosip Kosor. In poetry and drama the Symbolists or Modernists are represented by Milan Begovich, Yovan Dutchich, Vladimir Nazor, Milan Rakich, Dragutin Domyanich, Sima Pandurovich, Oton Zhupantchich, and Svetislav Stefanovich.

It would be too rash to dogmatize about this new movement, and yet more rash to prophesy. The Yugoslav Symbolists, like their fellows in other countries, stand for the exclusive, the delicate, and the mystic beauties of the supernatural. The enigmas of metaphysic, mythology, and music are the favorite subjects of their poesy. In common daily life when they lack wealth they despise it, but when they get money they hold on to it, and become supreme egoists. In most cases they nurse a grudge against the world and attack all things with which they are discontented. But in certain of their works they discover at least some glimpses of the ideal world. If in their art they abstain from search after the unusual, abnormal, and deliquescent, it is possible that they will attain some distinction, and may have a future in the new country of Yugoslavia.

Milivoy S. Stanoyevich.

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A CENTURY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

It was in the early 'sixties that, according to Edward Cook's *Literary Recreations*, a printer remarked petulantly: "Who is this Matthew Arnold, and how many more columns of him is the editor going to shovel up?" And now, in the early 'twenties, the hundredth anniversary of his birth, an ironical echo in the voices of students: "Who is Matthew Arnold? Why read *him?*" Yet it was not altogether obituary enthusiasm that caused *The Nation* to say in 1888: "There was probably no name in current English literature better known to the present generation than his." This contradiction is more than a *sic transit gloria.* It is, in addition, a sardonic comment upon one modern attitude towards a literary past. Gray, like Arnold, came down to a succeeding century with a very thin volume of verse under his arm, but the nineteenth century did not ask who Gray was. It knew, though it may not have read his poetry. But what is more fashionable in the twentieth century than a sneer at Tennyson? Even Browning clubs are somewhat spent, and we now have a group of poets who are frankly scornful of Shelley and Keats. To such, "Victorian poetry," like Victorian furniture or Victorian morals, is a theme for pleasantry.

Yet the secret laws of the enduring in poetry are not stayed. Jests concerning the proper Tennyson or the academic Arnold give no clue to the place of their poetry in the minds of this generation. Victorian poetry is read; how much is the question. And now that almost seventy-five years have passed since the *Poems of A.* were reviewed by *The London Times*, what answer can be given to these annoyed queries of the printer and student, "Who is Matthew Arnold?" Who reads now the poetry which, supposedly, is a "criticism of life"? Who is, by this poetry, like Mycerinus, "calmed, ennobled, comforted, sustained"?

More than any other Victorian poet, Matthew Arnold risked a

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posthumous reputation in drudgery for his own generation. By vocation he was inspector of schools; by avocation only he was a man of letters. But he took thought for the morrow; he was confident that his poetry would endure. How puissant his voice would be in the choir invisible he coolly prophesied, and the truth of that prophecy is now examinable. On June 5, 1869, he wrote his mother:

> My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions that reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet, because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn.

Arnold was mistaken; he has not had his "turn". No one has ever said of Arnold as Walter Besant said of Tennyson, Kingsley, and Carlyle, while he was at Cambridge, that they "were in everybody's hands"; nor would Besant have remarked of Arnold what many men have felt about Tennyson: "Of all men of our century I would rather have been Tennyson than any other man whatever." But the first sentence of Arnold's prophecy is thoughtful. He was aware that his poetry epitomized a "movement of mind". Someone has said that we forget an era's tears of sentiment but not its trends of thought. Perhaps Arnold will have his "turn" in unexpected fashion. Possibly the reason that Mr. Alfred Noyes has to plead for a return to Tennyson's poetry is because the Laureate is so flawless ethically. In such a glare of moral sunshine we see our own shadows and hurry back into our burrows. But poetry indicating the "main movement of mind" of the nineteenth century is another matter, for dependent upon it is modern thought. Mirrored in Arnold's poetry are: the grapple of science and the church; the social friction; the spiritual confusion. As Mr. Henry Nevinson said recently: Arnold "represents exactly the mood of the serious and religiously minded men whose faith in dogmatic Christianity was shaken by the natural science and biblical criticism of seventy years ago". To record all this with honesty was Arnold's achievement.

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Most of Arnold's poetry was written within a score of years, between 1849 and 1870. These were the only years of poetical plenty; in them were produced *The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems; Empedocles on Etna;* the *Poems* of 1853; and the *New Poems* of 1867. Yet not once was there a "popular" recognition of this poetry in England or America. Through his prose Arnold awoke to find himself not famous but the foe of his piqued countrymen; through his poetry he merely succeeded, at first, in puzzling them. His poetical "popularity", to adapt his own description of miracles, simply did not occur. Contrast his general reputation with Byron's. The latter's poetical reputation is like a meteor's whose trail is yet visible; Arnold's resembles the distant planet, long unregarded, yet perhaps more steadfast than brighter stars.

It cannot be said that the new planet swam into the ken of the 'fifties. The first reviews conceded Arnold's poetry some excellence of finish, but condemned its morals. How pious was *Frazer's* for May, 1849: *The Strayed Reveller* was as unmoral as Tennyson's *Lotos Eaters!* There was no place in literature for "certain *New Sirens*" or "with sleepy melancholy meditations . . . on a 'Gipsy Child'". "What," so ran the malediction, "in the name of all grim earnest do we want with *Resignation to Fausta*, a yawn thirteen pages long, with which the volume finally falls asleep, and vanishes in a snore? Resignation! to what?" "A." was then roundly preached at, as well as other poetic upstarts. He was warned that "he will not escape unscorched, if he chooses to trifle with the public by verifying dreamy, transcendental excuses for laziness, for the want of an earnest purpose, and a fixed creed".

It was presumably the same critic who, five years later, denounced the ending of *Sohrab and Rustum:* "Who cares whither the Oxus goes, or what becomes of it?" When in 1853 *Empedocles* appeared, Arnold's heresies were again censured. *The London Times* of November 4 observed that this poet was "disgusted with the world; a state of mind . . . with which we have no sympathy whatever;" and *The North British Review* for May accused him of "an indolent, selfish quietism".

Nevertheless, there began at once a quiet infiltration of Ar-

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nold's poetry into the imperishable part of English literature, which has persisted in the face of antagonism and indifference until to-day the person who declares his preference for Arnold's poetry over Tennyson's is no longer regarded as whimsical. Even in the mid-century obscurity surrounding Arnold's poetry his power was gropingly felt by the very critics who assailed his heterodoxy. "*Mycerinus* is a fragment worthy of Tennyson"—dubious praise for a somewhat envious poet!—"faultlessly beautiful",—so read incidental tributes of the hostile *Frazer's*. And *The London Times* said of Arnold that "to the generality of readers he remains unknown, while the world is full of the praises of far inferior writers." But the reluctant amenities of the reviewers were less significant than the interest of contemporaries in poetry. In 1856 Coventry Patmore wrote William Allingham, unaware that his arrangement of poets was climactic: "The future belongs to you and me and Matthew Arnold."

Another kind of future, certainly, became Arnold's. His output of poetry, except for the year 1867, ceased. No chance now for the reviewers to decry the skimble-skamble stuff of the son of Doctor Arnold. Instead Mr. Frank Newman, he, according to Carlyle, of "the mildest pious enthusiasm", found himself transfixed by a lofty and considerate smile, and became vaguely conscious that his fame as a translator of Homer was endangered. Arnold's essay *On Translating Homer* appeared in 1861; it was his first thrust at British complacency. *Culture and Anarchy* followed apace, and long before its nettles had ceased to sting, came *Friendship's Garland*, dexterous, incisive; an irritant that moved even the Philistine himself to amused chagrin at his own effort to retaliate. In America the swallow torments the crow. On pine tree or in flight the black plutocrat's waistcoat is deftly pulled, plucked, and pecked. Ruffled, the sleek Philistine utters loud British caws. Carlyle's "Bobus Higgins, Sausage-Maker", certain that England's greatness depends upon her manufactures, acquired in Arnold a similar enemy. Useless to call him "a priest of the kid-glove persuasion"; useless to vilify him; useless even to reply, like Mr. Frederick Harrison with adroit banter. The satirist reads the replies; his aplomb is perfect; he "laughs till he cries".

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Apart from the accomplishment of his purpose, it is not surprising that Arnold continued to write prose for his countrymen. His poetry was greeted with silence; his prose, on the other hand, was received, like the death of Balder, with shrieks from every living thing. That he had hit the target Arnold knew. He followed public opinion closely. His letters were a mosaic of tiny critiques of all his writings. Arnold laughed at them all. On October 10, 1863, he wrote Lady de Rothschild that he was pleased with what was said of his critical essays, in *The Westminster Review*, though he deprecated "the hideous title of 'Professor'". Two years later he was delighted with an eulogy in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW[1], and on December 8, 1867, he wrote his mother: "I saw *The Spectator*, but indeed my name is getting familiar in the newspapers. *The Saturday* had a reference to me which I liked better than that in *The Spectator*. Lord Lytton's mention of me was, as you may suppose, a pleasant surprise." At dinner at Goschen's he heard the word "Philistine" used at least a hundred times; Disraeli promised him a brilliant future; and at Darmstadt Princess Alice was fascinated with *Culture and Anarchy*.

It was in the 'sixties and 'seventies that Arnold laid the foundation for the assertion that he would be known to posterity not as a poet but as a writer of prose. Although he was singed by the critics for what *The Saturday Review* called his "I-I-I- *Das grosse Ich*" and his "moral smelling bottle", he was recognized as early as 1865 as "a critic with a very high idea of the functions of criticism". "He is," said *The Westminster Review*, "in spite of some faults, the very best critic we possess." So the author of *Thyrsis* and of *The Forsaken Merman* was neatly pigeonholed for later æons as a prose writer. Certain rebels objected: "Did not Arnold write poetry?"

During the years about 1870 Arnold was certainly known as a writer of prose, but even at this time his poetry was becoming more respected. An American edition appeared in 1856, and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January, 1863, said that Arnold's poetry was then known to the few, though it had been "six years before the American public without attracting extensive notice".

[1] [This review appeared in July, 1865, and was written by Henry James.—The Editors.]

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Arnold was also acquiring prestige among the habitués of Parnassus. Browning wished him to reprint *Empedocles*. Swinburne was anxious to meet him. In Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *Diary* the entry for May 23, 1867, noted that Swinburne considered Matthew Arnold more satisfactory as a poetic writer than either Browning or Tennyson. (Swinburne was indeed devoted until he heard, unfortunately, that Arnold had christened him a "pseudo-Shelley".) Eighteen years after the first review of Arnold's poems Swinburne published in *The Fortnightly Review* (1867) the most eloquent of all appreciations of Arnold's poetry. The critique was in Swinburne's most ecstatic manner but was sincere and thoughtful: "To some boys at Eton," Swinburne wrote, "*Sohrab and Rustum*, *Tristram and Iseult*, have been close and common friends, their streams of Oxus and bays of Brittany familiar almost as the well-loved Thames weirs and reaches." The peroration was Swinburnian, but did not obscure one particular fact: Swinburne's faith in Arnold's poetical immortality:

> His verse bathes us with fresh radiance and light rain, when weary of the violence of summer and winter in which others dazzle and detain us; his spring wears here and there a golden waif of autumn, his autumn a rosy spray of spring. His tones and efforts are pure, lucid, aerial; he knows by some fine impulse of temperance all rules of distance, of reference, of proportion; nothing is thrust or pressed upon our eyes, driven or beaten into our ears. These are the trophies of his work and the gifts of his hand: through these and such as these things, his high and distinct seat is assured him among English poets.

Swinburne's tribute reflected the increasing respect for Arnold's poetry among cultivated men and women of the 'seventies and 'eighties. From this time forward it had, as a contemporary critic put the case, "a gradual emergence." Arnold had to regain favor with many who had been annoyed by his prose mannerisms. "It sets my teeth on edge, and makes me revolt," Leslie Stephen wrote Charles Eliot Norton, speaking of Arnold's jaunty air, but he added immediately: "I seriously hold him to be a very good poet." Mrs. Browning sent praises from Italy, and Henry James wrote: "He takes his place among the most fortunate writers of our day who have expressed themselves in verse." In America, George Woodbury declared that "his poetry is more valuable than his prose", and *The Century* for April, 1882, spoke of

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his poems as "by far his most important and most permanent contribution to literature".

When Arnold died twelve years before the end of the century he was so well-known that his poetry was being read by many to whom it was essentially alien, because of interest in his prose. Stead got out a penny edition of the poetry, and critics began to write with prevision on the relative importance of Arnold's prose and poetry. There was a natural reaction towards the latter. Esoteric individuals studied it and proclaimed that they had discovered Arnold's "message".

More and more Arnold's noble seriousness of manner persuaded the thoughtful readers of the age. The calm voices of Mycerinus, of Empedocles, became part of the nation's poetic consciousness. Men began to speak of "the consoling power" of the poetry of Matthew Arnold; writers so different as Augustine Birrell, W. E. Henley, and Austin Dobson acknowledged its force. The reviews even descanted upon the "popularity" of Arnold. *The Spectator* of March 25, 1893, said that "Matthew Arnold can hardly be called a popular poet, yet he is a poet probably more especially popular with the literary class than any other poet of our day."

In 1893 was issued the thirtieth reprint of Arnold's *Selected Poems*. Favorite passages—evidence of currency—had some vogue. Through Stead's penny edition the didactic poems attained a considerable circulation. Though allowance must be made for bookseller's puffery, Stead's own comments were suggestive: "From all parts of the land I have received the most cordial letters from readers who learnt for the first time the charm of Matthew Arnold's poems. Ministers were surprised to find workingmen, to whom they were paying a pastoral visit, full of interest in Matthew Arnold." All of which, written in 1896, is rather ridiculous. Workingmen drank their stout and paid no attention to Arnold. The judgment of H. D. Traill, made a year later, is more convincing: "I do not feel any ground for the belief that the taste of any great multitudes of men in this or any other country will ever be powerfully attracted by poetry like that of Mr. Arnold." Yet Stead's remarks show the direction of the wind.

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Matthew Arnold has been dead thirty-four years. Most of the men who knew him intimately are also gone. The fusillades of diary, reminiscence, and *post mortem* recollection have been fired. Now value only is the test of his poetry. What survives? When a twentieth century publisher was asked this question he turned to his bill of sales under Arnold. One feels like Chesterton when he heard a writer describe to what heights can rise "a Shakespeare, a Burns, and an Ingersoll"; an impulse to run and whisper such a delightful incident to Arnold's tomb in Laleham. Yet, after all, this was a reasonable test. To read an author's book is a compliment; to buy it a recognition. Before 1880 few people spent a shilling on the poetry of Arnold; and 1880 was more than thirty years after the publication of the first volume. A second edition of the *New Poems* appeared in 1868, but the *Selected Poems*, more popular, were not printed until 1878. By that time *St. Paul and Protestantism* had passed through its third edition; *Essays in Criticism* its third; and *Literature and Dogma* its fifth. And these records take no account of the popularity of other prose works, notably *Culture and Anarchy*.

But during the next twenty years the balance shifted decisively. In the 'eighties the sale of prose continued, almost unabated, but reprints of the poems, especially of the early verses, sonnets, and elegiacs crept into libraries and English homes. During the 'nineties no less than fifteen reprints of Arnold's poetry made their appearance in collected works or in anthology form. In the same period only about a half dozen of the prose texts were republished. Records of this sort since 1900 show conclusively that the general popularity of the prose has lessened.

On the other hand the poetry found its way into innumerable popular series and was reëdited and reintroduced by such critics as Richard Garnett and A. T. Quiller-Couch. Again is felt that longing to run to Laleham and confide to the poet that he may now be read in *Broadway Booklets* and *Roses of Parnassus!* In 1913 there were purchasable in England only two different editions of the *Essays;* three of the *Essays in Criticism;* and one of *Literature and Dogma*. Aside from the essay *On Translating Homer*, of which two editions were procurable, the prose devotee was forced to buy the collected works. In con-

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trast seven different editions of the *Poems* could be obtained besides two of the *Narrative Poems;* five of the *Selections;* three of *The Scholar-Gipsy,* with or without *Thyrsis;* four of *Sohrab and Rustum;* and one each of the *Forsaken Merman, Tristram and Iseult,* and—strange resurrection!—*Merope.* Since 1913 the balance of interest has not noticeably altered.

In America the "gradual emergence" of Arnold's poetry has been equally marked, though naturally the original popularity of the prose was never so great as in England.

An eccentric phase of Arnold's poetic vogue in America has been the use of selected poems in elementary and secondary schools. A ten-cent version of *Self-Dependence* is the most startling; *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar-Gipsy* the most commonplace of these committals of Arnold's poetry to the innocents. Stop the little creatures on their way to school. You will see tucked in between an algebra and a geography *Sohrab and Rustum,* heavy with annotations, a biography, and a terrifying chromo of the author. During the last twenty years there have been almost annual editions of *Sohrab and Rustum,* or of the other narrative poems. In college Arnold's poetry is read more frequently than his prose, and librarians will tell you that though there is no great demand for either, in general Arnold's poetry has preference over his prose. In America, comparing the complete prose with the complete poems, it may be said that Arnold's influence is mainly through the medium of his poetry.

And this influence, both in America and in England, is due to a very few poems. Posterity is capricious about what it remembers. The *major opera* are quite forgotten: *Merope* is for scholars like Collins, and *Empedocles on Etna* is a literary curiosity. The college student, the browser in English literature, the modern versifier—all are moved to admiration by a few lovely lyrics. "Tell Mat," wrote Tennyson, "not to write any more of those prose things like *Literature and Dogma* but to give us something like his *Thyrsis, Scholar-Gipsy,* or *Forsaken Merman.*" Possibly *The Forsaken Merman* has been more admired than any other single poem of Arnold's. Swinburne's adulation of this lyric is the *vox mundi.*

And at this very present hour the lyrics persuade men. The

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literary men about us now believe in them. Perhaps we can disregard those poets of our day who, to quote Mr. Hugh Walpole, "utterly reject anything more recent than Homer and Sappho and haven't much to say for them;" "they," he adds, "would certainly be most scornful of Arnold as they are even of Keats and Shelley." It is possible, too, that Mr. H. G. Wells is mistaken when he says that Matthew Arnold's poems are read only by industrious students of poetry: "His influence on religious affairs was profound but it has sunken in and is not credited to him very much. He has been *digested.* Not lost but assimilated." But the experience of others seems to gainsay both of these statements. Mr. John Masefield writes: "I should say that all who care for English poetry read Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*, *Scholar-Gipsy*, *Strayed Reveller*, *Dover Beach*, or the lyrics in *Empedocles.*" And Mr. Walpole, after mentioning *The Scholar-Gipsy* as a means of influence, refers to another group of poets who "are most certainly influenced by Arnold", namely Squire, Freeman, Drinkwater, Shanks, Turner, Nichols. "They read him and quote him," says Mr. Walpole. It is a highly suggestive fact.

It is true, then, that the poetry of Matthew Arnold has a hold upon us now. To many it will remain far-off. "Too bleak for me," remarked a friend to me only yesterday. Yet I—though this is but the witnessing of one—repeatedly discover men and women who are fond of Arnold's poetry. They say nothing of this. How can you describe what Arnold does for you? Yet faith in his poetry does exist. "I think," Mr. Henry Nevinson says, "his influence is increasing." And Mr. Alfred Noyes compares the lyrics to certain poems of Tennyson's: "I believe that the best poetry of Tennyson (such a poem as *In Memoriam*) will always have a great influence on a certain quiet section of the public—the section that happens to make the opinion of posterity! . . . The same applies to the poetry of Matthew Arnold." Those who seek emotional peace will not turn to Arnold. He is for the unflinching and, perhaps, only for the strongest. But he is honest; he never offers second-best; and in things of the spirit he can lead from darkness to reasonable light. If his voice is sad, it is also courageous.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

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MUSIC OF THE MONTH

AN UNKNOWN OPERA

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is beginning to be clear to many, as it has long been to a few, that among the supreme masters of musical utterance must be placed Modeste Moussorgsky—poor, debauched Moussorgsky, mishandled by Fate, who was born and died within the span of Wagner's life, and who, though he lived within the shadow of those stupendous wings, yet managed to contrive a music utterly independent, utterly his own—music of the most complete originality, of the profoundest humanity; music that, at its best, is without compromise or alloy: music that is with the greatest we possess.

It is astonishing that all of this music should not be fully known and adequately esteemed; yet when some of it was played recently for (as it appears) the first time in America, its beauty and power had the character of revelation, though it was half a century old. It was as if one were hearing *Götterdämmerung* or reading *The House of Life* for the first time. It was, in brief, music from *Khowantchina*, an opera by Moussorgsky that is unknown in America.

Shortly after Moussorgsky had finished his revision of *Boris Godounoff*, his friend Stassoff suggested to him a new subject for an opera. "It seemed to me," wrote Stassoff in his *Life of Moussorgsky*,—

> that the contrasting and clashing of the Old Russia with the New, the passing of the former and the birth of the latter, afforded a rich subject. Moussorgsky agreed, and set to work with enthusiasm. To study the history of the Raskolniky sect of Ancient Russia (the Old Believers), and the chronicles of seventeenth-century Russia, involved enormous labor. The many long letters he wrote me at this time were full of details of his researches and his views on the music, characters, and scenes of his opera. The best parts of the work were written between 1872 and 1875.

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This was at the beginning of the last decade of Moussorgsky's life—a period of extraordinary creative power. He had finished his revision of *Boris* by 1872 and had done his part of the co-operative *Mlada* project. In 1874 he wrote the remarkable *Pictures from an Exhibition*, and between 1874 and 1879 composed ten of the greatest songs in existence (the six of *Without Sunlight* and the four *Songs and Dances of Death*). He worked intermittently upon *Khowantchina* during his last miserable years, and left it unfinished when he died in 1881. It was completed and orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakow, and published in 1882.

As in *Boris*, Moussorgsky (who wrote his own libretto) went for his subject to Russian history, and, prompted by Stassoff, chose the most troubled period in his country's past, the end of the seventeenth century, when religious and political schisms divided the nation into opposing camps. To the resultant series of conflicts, in which Prince Khowantsky played a leading part, Tsar Peter gave the appellation *Khowantchina*.

Stassoff had outlined his scheme with enthusiastic eloquence: "I propose," he wrote Moussorgsky, "to place in the center of the action the great figure of Dositheus, the spiritual leader of the Old Believers, a strong, energetic, deeply intelligent and experienced man, whose powerful influence controlled the actions of the two princes: Khowantsky (representing the old, gloomy, fanatical, sleeping Russia), and Galitsin (representing the European type of mind)." There were to be other characters—"Martha, full of youth and passion (somewhat like the wife of Potiphar), and Susan, sallow, uninteresting, evil and fanatical, both constantly quarrelling; the Empress Regent, Sophia, energetic and artful; young Peter; the Old Believers, who kill themselves *en masse* when Dositheus recognizes that the ancient Russia perishes and the new Russia is born."

Moussorgsky did not conform in all respects to this suggested scheme. He kept Sophia and Peter off the scene, introduced additional characters, injected a "love-interest", and produced a plot of formidable congestion and obscurity. (Mrs. Newmarch is reminded by it of one of those early *ikons* belonging to the period when the transport of pictures through the bogs and wildernesses of Old Russia "so restricted their distribution that

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the religious painter resorted to the expedient of representing on canvas as many saints as could be packed into it".)

From the tragical fourth act an interlude has been extracted for concert use, and it is this which was recently performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra. It is marvelous music. The passage is played by the orchestra at the beginning of the second scene of the fourth act, as the banished Galitsin, guarded by a troop of cavalry, crosses the public square on his way to exile. In the opera, it is accompanied by the pitiful comments of the chorus as they watch the passing of the cortège. It is based on the dolorous melody sung by the clairvoyant Martha in the scene of her "Divination by Water" in the second act, in which she foretells to Galitsin his downfall ("in shame and disgrace I behold thee, in exile alone in a distant land"). And as the orchestra recalls her prophetic words, and the bells of the Cathedral clang portentously, the banished Galitsin is seen crossing the square on his way to exile, guarded by soldiers.

As Mr. Schindler has remarked of the *Divination par l'eau*, "the vast loneliness, the desperate banishment, of Siberia looms up from the throbbing of the downcast and muttered final phrases."

The immense pitifulness, the sorrowing tenderness, the infinite compassion of Moussorgsky's music are among the most precious heritages of our culture. There is nothing quite like it in the whole stretch of the art as it has come down to us. Its plainness, its simplicity, its overwhelming sincerity, are unparalleled. Bach in some of his choral-preludes, Debussy in certain of the pages of *Pelléas et Mélisande* that are always cut out when the opera is performed—the scene between Yniold and the poor stumbling sheep, for example: here we catch glimpses of the world inhabited by Moussorgsky. But it is, after all, his own world—there is none other like it in art. "Sometimes," wrote Paul Rosenfeld (who has spoken with memorable insight and felicity of Moussorgsky),

> he is whole civilizations discarded by life. Sometimes, he is whole cultures from under which the earth has rolled, whole groups of human beings who stood silently and despairingly for an instant in a world that carelessly flung them aside, and then turned and went away. Sometimes he is the brutal, ig-

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norant, helpless throng that kneels in the falling snow while the conquerors, the great ones of this world, false and true alike, pass by in the torchlight amid fanfares and hymns and acclamations and speak the fair, high words and make the kingly gestures that fortune has assigned to them. Sometimes he is even life before man. He is the dumb beast devoured by another, larger; the plants that are crowded from the sunlight. He knows the ache and pain of inanimate things. And then, at other moments, he is a certain forgotten individual, some obscure, nameless being, some creature like the monk Pimen or the Innocent in *Boris Godounoff*, and out of the dust of ages an halting, inarticulate voice calls to us. He is the poor, the aging, the half-witted; the drunken sot mumbling in his stupor; the captives of life to whom death sings his insistent, luring songs; the half-idiotic peasant boy who tries to stammer out his declaration of love to the superb village belle; the wretched fool who weeps in the falling snowy night. He is those who have never before spoken in musical art, and now arise, and are about us and make us one with them.

THE MORALS OF LULLY

"It is the kind of inspiration," wrote Elisabet von Herzogenberg to Johannes Brahms, "that only a good man could have." She was speaking of the noble trombone phrase in E major that occurs with so memorable an effect in the last movement of Brahms's Fourth Symphony. But whatever the occasion might have been, Elisabet was talking nonsense. The "kind of inspiration" an artist can have (as Elisabet was intelligent enough to have known) has no more to do with his goodness or his badness as a man and citizen than it has to do with his preference for hard-boiled or two-minute eggs. Why is this simple and obvious truth so difficult for people to bear in mind? It has been often enough proved, in all conscience. Wagner the ineffable cad, liar, ingrate, conceiving the tender sublimity of the Good Friday music; Debussy the rotter (look up the history of his behavior to his wife when, after the revelation of his infidelity, she tried to kill herself) giving us the poignant spiritual tenderness, the exquisite pity, of the death-scene of Mélisande; Moussorgsky the sot achieving music of measureless humanity. And lately we have had brought to our minds the classic case of Lully, too seldom remembered.

Lully "had nothing noble about him", wrote Lecerf de la Viéville in 1705. He was fat, short, large-nosed, thick-necked,

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thick-lipped. His expression, when it did not convey satirical malice, was often obstinate and disdainful. He was so short-sighted that he "could scarcely see when a woman was beautiful" —which was doubtless, for him, a major tragedy. Lully's morals were, at best, intermittently fragrant. Moreover, he was a faithless friend, a sycophant, an intriguer. Yet this strange and fascinating and repellant being was a great artist, as well as a great figure in æsthetic history; he wrote music of noble dignity and sometimes of exquisite beauty, and his "dry and superficial soul" (as Romain Rolland so bluntly describes it) yielded at times a high truthfulness and purity of expression. Rolland draws attention to the softness and plasticity of his melodic outline, to the delicate transparency of effect which he could obtain, and to his happy conveyance of the gentler moods of nature—his delicate sense of pastoral loveliness: the tranquil and ordered poetry of gardens, nocturnal fountains, moonlit silence.

He was a bundle of contradictions. A master of truckling and deceit, he was sometimes recklessly impudent to those who held power over him. Once, when a mechanical difficulty caused delay in beginning a performance of one of his operas which the King was attending, a message was sent to Lully that the Grand Monarque was tired of waiting. "The King is master here," retorted Lully, "and is at liberty to be as tired of waiting as he pleases!" For fourteen years, as overlord of the Opéra, he acted as director, composer, conductor, stage-manager, ballet-master, machinist—if electricity had been in use, Lully would have managed the lights. He did all these things with superlative ability, energy, and resource; yet this amazing Italian was able to find time to become the true founder of French Grand Opera; to adapt (as Mr. Apthorp has pointed out), "not only with genius, but with surpassing cleverness and insight into the French character," what was essentially Italian opera to the French taste. From 1658 to 1671, he wrote about thirty ballets and divertissements, and (between 1672 and 1686) twenty operas, in addition to instrumental and church music. He was a master of various styles, from tragedy to burlesque; he turned upside down the traditions of the court ballet; he substituted accompanied recitative for the ungratifying *recitativo secco* of the Italians. He

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knew the theatre backwards and forwards. His sense of stage effect was keen and intuitive; and he knew a subtler and deeper secret: how to make music speak with dramatic veracity and point.

At the end, this *buffon odieux* (as Boileau called him)—this rake, knave, intriguer, who had lifted himself out of the obscurity of his Italian origin into a position where he talked back to a King,—died of an abscess of the toe.

To the very last he was unscrupulous, for (according to a story told immediately after his death) he cheated to obtain absolution. His confessor, so runs the tale, required as a condition that Lully destroy all he had written on his new opera, *Achille et Polyxène*. Lully gave the abhorred score to the confessor, who triumphantly cast it into the flames. "What, Baptiste!" remonstrated a prince who visited Lully, "you have destroyed your opera?" "Gently, Sir," whispered the dying rascal: "I had another copy." So he died, radiant, corrupt, and unashamed: and his epitaph in the Church of Saint-Pères declares that "God gave him . . . a truly Christian patience in the sharp pain of his last illness . . . after having received the Sacraments with resignation and edifying piety." Romain Rolland does not neglect to make allowance for "his multiple soul", and declares that "Lully's work in art was, like classic tragedy and the noble gardens of Versailles, a monument of that vigorous age which was the summer of our race;" for Lully, the Florentine immigrant, had made himself "the Frenchest Frenchman of his time".

The point to insist upon, in the interest of clear-headedness and philosophical rectitude, is that this unlovable reprobate—hard, mean, spiritually unclean—could write the marvellously lovely "Nocturne" in *Le Triomphe de l'Amour*, music full of gentleness and magic: of tenderness, poetry, dreams.

It is of course a mystery. But since the activities of the artist are incalculable anyway, why should we wonder over this most insoluble mystery of all—the spectacle of sinful human clay yielding immortal loveliness?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

JEWELLED MELODRAMA[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"THERE'S nothing very interesting about me," said Miss Rebecca West not long ago in a short biographical account of herself. Aside from the fact that Miss West is young, mysterious, pulchritudinous, and writes the most vividly beautiful English prose of her day, there is perhaps, as she remarked, nothing very interesting about her. Yet it is a little discouraging to find so passionately ruthless a truth-seeker and truth-speaker as Miss West indulging herself in that kind of simpering self-deprecation. It is even more discouraging to find that the sanctity of words means so little to her. For surely Rebecca West is the last person in the world from whom one would have expected that kind of trivial and irritating disingenuousness. Evidently the words she used meant nothing to her. She was willing to prostitute them—to use them as the coin of inexactness and inveracity—as regardlessly as if she had been one of those fictional sentimentalists whom she so pungently despises. One remembers *Alice in Wonderland:* "Important" . . . your Majesty means "*Un*important". But one did not expect Miss West to talk like a passage out of the Trial Scene in *Alice in Wonderland.* How exhilarating, how much more in character, it would have been if she had put it just the other way: "There's a good deal that is interesting about me [she might even have said "*very*"]". For consider her own statement of the case. Her father, she says, was English-Garrison-Irish, from County Kerry. Her mother was Scotch. Her maternal grandfather was musical director of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and a friend of Charles Kean and the Kembles and Charlotte Cushman. Rebecca West went to London at seventeen, tried to act, "but got the sack" for reading *Creative*

[1] *The Judge.* By Rebecca West. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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Evolution during a rehearsal. At eighteen she began to write articles for the London weeklies (her first poems were published when she was twelve). She wrote for *The Freewoman*, *The Clarion*, *The Daily News*. She now writes as literary critic of *The New Statesman*, where she says what she pleases, as she pleases. "Mr. —— [she wrote not long ago] has written another novel. How long, O Lord, how long?" (Only that.)

Six years ago she wrote a book about Henry James (published here and in England in the year of his death) that was so dazzling an accomplishment, as criticism and as writing, that it seems to have blinded every one who encountered it. For no one appears ever to have seen it. It fell quite flat, and has apparently vanished forever. "I concluded," Miss West has said, "that the book was not published at all, but quietly interred, and I have sometimes had a fancy to send a wreath for its grave." It was a book in which you might have read such passages as these:

> With sentences vast as the granite blocks of the Pyramids and a scene that would have made a site for a capitol, he set about constructing a story the size of a hen-house.
>
> * * *
>
> It is singularly free [*The Ambassadors*] from those great sentences which sprawl over the pages of *The Golden Bowl* with such an effect of rank vegetable growth that one feels that if one took cuttings of them one could raise a library in the garden.
>
> * * *
>
> When one tries to discover from the recorded speeches of these people whether there was any palliation of their ugly circumstances, one finds that the dialogue, usually so compact a raft for the conveyance of the meaning of Mr. James's novels, has been smashed up on this sea of phrases and drifts in, a plank at a time, on the copious flood. . . .
>
> * * *
>
> One perceives that the crystal bowl of Mr. James's art was not, as one had feared, broken. He had but gilded its clear sides with the gold of his genius for phrase-making, and now, instead of lifting it with a priest-like gesture to exhibit a noble subject, held it on his knees as a treasured piece of bric-à-brac and tossed into it, with an increasing carelessness, any sort of object—a jewel, a rose, a bit of string, a visiting-card—confident that the surrounding glow would lend it beauty.
>
> * * *
>
> He split hairs until there were no longer any hairs to split, and his mental gesture became merely the making of agitated passes over a complete baldness.

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> Criticism must break down when it comes to masterpieces. . . . One can only put out a tremulous finger to touch the marvellous shining crystal, and be silent with wonder. . . . About this masterpiece, too [*The Wings of the Dove*], nothing can be said. One just sits and looks up, while the Master lifts his old grief, changed by his craftsmanship into eternal beauty as the wafer is changed to the Host by the priest's liturgy, enclosed from decay, prisoned in perfection, in the great shining crystal bowl of his art.

* * *

No wonder such writing fell flat. It was the kind of prose that some uncompanioned delinquents had furtively dreamed of —a blend of wit and beauty, of the lightheartedness that dares to be allusively contemporaneous and sportive and audacious, and yet has no dread of loveliness; the kind of prose that some cosmic literary Burbank might have produced if he had made an æsthetico-horticultural home-brew out of Bernard Shaw and "A. E." But who wants such writing? We insist upon the Watertight Compartment in art. Would Mr. Strachey, for example, be so much read if he had ever dared to give his suave malice the lightning-like thrust of Rebecca West's devouring savagery?—if he had dared to alter his exquisite and gentlemanly charm of surface into the wickedly importunate beauty that irradiates almost every paragraph of Miss West's prose—now in a passionate intensity of human revelation, now in a shining loveliness of perfect imagery?

So Miss West's 109-page masterpiece on Henry James—which probed more deeply and rewardingly into his art than all the other commentaries combined—was stillborn. Nor was Miss West's next book—her novel, *The Return of the Soldier*—a success at all commensurate with what would have been, in an ideal community of letters, its extraordinary persuasiveness. But success, as Sir James Barrie recently observed, "has become a somewhat odious onion nowadays;" and it is conceivable that Miss West shares that view of it. Yet, after all, a writer does write to be read—not necessarily by that famous forty per cent of us who are morons, but by most of the other sixty per cent. Miss West would shudder as violently as did Bagehot in contemplation of "the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people". It is because she pleases so few, relatively speaking, of the superior,

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that one is disposed to weep like Mark Twain over the grave of Adam, and despair of the future of his descendants.

We discussed in this place Miss West's first novel, *The Return of the Soldier*, when it appeared four years ago. It seemed to us then, as it still does, a superb performance, a novel of extraordinary and moving beauty, a work rich in achievement and in promise. And now she has done it again—more imposingly, in a way; with more sustained power; much less compactly; and, on the whole, disappointingly.

Miss West calls her new novel *The Judge*. It is a book of heroic proportions, of amazingly long breath. Half of its 483 pages are devoted to the introduction of two of its protagonists; the third, and the chief of them, comes on the scene only in the second part: this will give you the measure, the sweep and power, of Miss West's stroke.

As a human drama, the thing is startlingly unreal. It is Victorian melodrama set to music—the music of an incomparable narrative style, orchestrated with gorgeous virtuosity. An innocent rural lass, the farmer's daughter, is seduced by the local aristocrat, the young Squire, and bears him a magnificent love-child. In order to achieve that strange social distinction known as The Protection of his Name, she is officially and "decently" married to the Squire's butler. The bargain was for a wedding that should merely provide window-dressing for the disgraced damsel; but, as you will have guessed, the butler did not keep his word. The damsel, he must have thought, was fair game. And so there came another child, "legitimate" but detested. The proprieties were saved, and if poor Marion Yaverland, the "dark, silent, sledge-hammer of a woman", was turned into a flaming beacon of hate, why that, no doubt, was her own fault. Meanwhile, the Love-Child, Richard the Lion-Hearted, has grown up, has fallen in love with the winsome Ellen,—a young Edinburgh suffragette,—an adorable lass with a bright, shrewd, candid soul and a rich sense of comedy. Why they do not marry at once, since there is no evident reason why they shouldn't, is one of the baffling mysteries of this perturbing and engrossing tale. Instead, Miss West causes Richard's tragical mother to drown herself for fear that she stands in her son's way. Then

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the splendid Richard stabs his beastly half-brother because the son of the butler has slandered the son of the Squire and his Ellen.

"He says we're bad," said Ellen.
Richard's fingers tightened on the handle of the breadknife.
"Let's put an end to this," he said.
He drove the knife into Roger's heart.
"Mummie!" breathed Roger . . . he fell forward, his head lying untidily among the tea-cups.

And then Richard took Ellen to an island in the river, where they would await the coming of the police. There he demanded what she thought was too much to ask of her. . . . Nevertheless, "she was going to do this thing. . . . She sat and looked at the island, and wondered whether it was a son or a daughter that waited for her there."

It is as unreal as that—it is, indeed, almost incredibly unreal. The human probabilities are flouted on page after page. You keep crying out against the heedless melodrama of it all. It is appallingly Old Stuff. It was old when *Hazel Kirke* was young. It reeks of the eighteen-eighties, of the old Standard Theatre, of the slow music in the orchestra, and the wicked, wicked Squire smiling his villain's smile. And it bears the most puzzling of mottoes: "Every mother is a judge who sentences her children for the sins of the father." But that is scarcely impressive. Does it mean any less if you twist it the other way around?—"Every child is a judge who sentences his mother [father] for the sins of his father [mother]." Is it not equally pointless either way?

Yet, when you have finished crying out against the artificiality of the structure of human relations that underlies this book, you will find that you still think of it as, after all, a valiant and, in a way, triumphant performance. For Miss West has clothed the poor creaking framework with a garment of beautiful and living flesh. When you can forget the things she asks us to believe that her people do and don't do, you cannot help remembering the many moments in which, as projections of character, they completely live—live unfadingly in the creative glow of Miss West's enamouring and revealing prose, her astonishing insight, her inexhaustible wit, her searing and ferocious honesty.

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She was one of those who exclude ugliness from their lives by imposing beautiful interpretations on all that happened to her; and behind these lovely things she did, shone the still lovelier thing she was. . . .

* * *

Modesty and a sense of office discipline were restraining some eager cry of her mind, like white hands holding birds resolved on flight.

* * *

He never could get over a feeling that to discover a woman excited about an intellectual thing was like coming on her bathing. . . .

* * *

It was evoked by the end of things, by sunsets, by death, by silence following song; by intimations that no motion is perpetual and that death is a part of the cosmic process.

A strange, haunting, inescapable book: a fantastic blend of old stuff and new: *Hazel Kirke* crossed with the Œdipus Complex. Yet always it is redeemed and dignified, made treasurable and rare and exquisite, by the beauty of its imagery, its strength and tenderness and integrity. You know that a poet, a mistress of loveliness, an authentic genius, has passed this way, even though she was shut away from complete achievement by barriers that she herself had built in her path.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE words of Georges Clemenceau came like the voice of pure reason amid the Babel of those who darkened counsel by words without knowledge. They were not, it is true, well received by some men in high office. But then they were not addressed to them, but to the American people. Had everybody under the dome of the Capitol been in accord with his message, there would have been no occasion for him to deliver it. The end at which he aimed would already have been attained. He spoke to the American people, as was fitting and was indeed necessary if he spoke at all. For he was a private citizen of the French Republic, bearing no official commission. There were those who questioned the propriety of a President of the United States addressing himself to the peoples of European countries over the heads of their own Governments. There can be no question of the propriety of a private citizen speaking to private citizens. Nor can there be any question of the propriety of speaking the truth, the pertinent truth, what Arthur Balfour on a memorable occasion called the "congealed, cubical truth". It was indeed his truth-telling that stung. It was the knowledge that he did speak the exact truth, about France, about Germany, and about the United States of America, that provoked the more or less angry attempts at reply. For we did not need M. Clemenceau to tell us what had long been notorious, that Germany, in flagrant violation of her treaty pledges,—scraps of paper,—is making preparations for another war with feverish zeal. We did not need him to disclaim wanton militarism for France; for if anyone supposes that after what she has gone through in the last eight years France seeks another war, he could not be persuaded otherwise though we should bray him "in a mortar among wheat with a pestle". As for the United States, that would be a strange sense of national honor possessed by one who should hold that we acted aright

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toward France in the matter of the tripartite treaty of defense. It was to the American people that M. Clemenceau spoke; and faith in them forbids any doubt as to their approving acceptance of his words.

Rational revolt was the keynote of political transformation scenes in three countries. The rebuke of the party in power in the United States had been long foreseen, and indeed had been desired by many who had the best interests of that party, as well as, supremely, of the nation, at heart; and it was merited, as those who read the masterly article on *The "Do-Nothing" Congress* by Professor William Starr Myers in the October NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will cordially concede. It was, of course, not the slightest repudiation of the paramount issues upon which the election of two years before was won, but in fact in several noteworthy cases emphasized and reaffirmed them; and it should on the whole strengthen the Administration by giving it better coöperation from a Congress chastened and made more circumspect. In Great Britain the electorate obviously thought that the coalition—always a temporary makeshift system—had outlived its usefulness, and in its place returned to power a single, coherent and homogeneous party, with a sufficient majority to be reasonably secure of its tenure, but not so overbloated as to tempt to arrogance or recklessness or to any of the evils which too great majorities have often induced in our own Congress. In Italy a Government established by bloodless revolution through constitutional means quickly "found itself" and showed a sober sense of responsibility commensurate with the aggressive energy with which it had attacked both old abuses and newly risen menaces. The peninsular kingdom under Fascisti leadership is no place for either a Bomba or a Lenin.

Observers of Irish affairs will transpose the old greeting and cry *Vale atque Ave!* Farewell, to an era of distress and strife; hail, to an era which opens the doors of opportunity for prosperity and peace. The doings of the last eight years have been so extraordinary as to distort our sense of proportion, so that we scarcely appreciate the real greatness of the achievement of the founding

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of the Irish Free State. Perhaps there is no truer or more effective denotement of it, however, than that which is suggested in the selection of Timothy M. Healy to be the Governor-General of the new commonwealth. It seems but yesterday—though in truth it was forty years ago—that young Tim, as we then knew him, was the most truculent *enfant terrible* in the Land League and Home Rule ranks, surpassing even Parnell and Biggar in genius for guerrilla warfare both in Ireland and at Westminster. One would have said that of all Irishmen he was most irreconcilable. And yet today he stands before Ireland as the *Alter Ego* of King George! After that, anything may happen—excepting the failure of the great enterprise thus so generously and auspiciously begun. Long live the Irish Free State!

Step by step the clarifying processes of judicial determination are bringing us to the crisis of a racial issue; which while not, we may hope, a violent crisis, will be of vast significance to the future of this country in both domestic affairs and foreign relations. As matters now stand, it seems to be settled that any State can withhold real property rights from aliens who have not been naturalized or who are incapable of naturalization, and that in the whole United States members of certain Asiatic races are incapable of naturalization. The discrimination is not against all Asiatics, thousands of whom have for years been welcomed into citizenship; nor is it on the ground of color, since we accept many people much darker than those whom we exclude; but it seems to be directed solely against the two great Mongolian peoples, who happen to be the very ones with whom we come most into contact and with whom friendly intercourse is of most importance to us. It might sound undiplomatic but it would at least be truthful and sincere if we were to enact, and were to announce to the world, that America offered an Open Door and Equality of Opportunity to all peoples of the world excepting the Chinese and Japanese. It would then be a "condition and not a theory" that would confront us.

The need of another great scientific invention, long felt, is poignantly pressed home by the recent series of most distressing

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tragedies in mines, every one of which has been due to the presence of poisonous or suffocating gases. Davy more than a century ago devised a means of safety from fire damp, but no successor to him has yet done a like service against the even more lethal choke damp. In the last eight years science has made marvellous advances in the manufacture of gases for destroying human life, and has also done much for the protection of human life against lethal gases on the field of battle. There is a bitterly reproachful suggestion that it has done nothing for the abatement of noxious gases or the protection of men against them in some of the most important fields of peaceful industry. Thousands of lives have been lost in our time through the prevalence of gas in mines. Must the grewsome sacrifice continue forever? It is simply not for a moment to be conceded that a remedy for it is impossible, or is beyond the ken and power of science to provide. Surely humanitarian considerations alone should be sufficient to move some foremost chemists to address themselves to the task and not to quit until they have achieved it. Beside which even the thriftiest of utilitarians must realize that it would pay, in dollars and cents!

No rational person expected, of course, that anything of real importance would come of the German pretense at trying officials charged with crimes in connection with the war. Neither did anyone expect that the prosecution of Greek officials for leading that country to disaster would culminate in an atrocious tragedy. That Mr. Gounaris and his colleagues did Greece much harm, for which they deserved censure, is not to be disputed. But to send them summarily before a firing squad was an act of sheer savagery which it is impossible to dissociate from suspicion of personal rancor and partisan hatred. It was significant that a most scathing rebuke was promptly given by that Great Power which for more than a century has been Greece's most constant and helpful friend, and that Prince Andrew and Princess Alice were welcomed into asylum on a British warship.

Entirely apart from the general question of the right or wrong of prohibition, there can be no question that the attempted or

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pretended enforcement of the Volstead Act has been attended with more administrative scandals than have soiled all other activities of the Government during this generation. The President is reported to be gravely concerned, lest the present state of affairs lead to a general demoralization of the country, and Representative Hill of Maryland has characterized the operations of the Prohibition Enforcement Commission as "futile, publicly scandalous and conducive to disrespect of all law." But the man who with surest touch probes the real heart of the matter is Mr. William Dudley Foulke, of the National Civil Service Reform League, who attributes the defeat of the Republican party in the late elections chiefly to "the universal disgust of everybody with the abominable corruption and inefficiency of those charged with the enforcement of prohibition", and adds:

> This was the result of making all these places mere political spoils. The Volstead Act kept them out of the competitive civil service and they became the mere plunder of Congressmen. Many of these Congressmen recommended men urged upon them by bootlegger constituents, and thus the service has become permeated from top to bottom, in spite of any good intentions on the part of Commissioner Haynes, with as precious a set of unmitigated scoundrels as ever trod the earth—high officers who will not even testify before Grand Juries until they are promised immunity. It is time for the advocates of prohibition to realize that they cannot accomplish what they believe to be a great moral reform by means which are essentially immoral and detestable. . . .

Those are words of soberness and truth, and withal of moderation. There is no possible doubt that the exemption of the prohibition agents from Civil Service requirements afforded the opportunity for all these abominable scandals; and, with a somewhat extended observation of such matters balanced against a natural desire to be charitable, I find it difficult to avoid wondering if it was not with the deliberate intent of making such an opportunity that many Congressmen were insistent upon compelling such exemption. It is no less difficult to conceive any decent reason why, so long as it remains upon the statute book, the Volstead Act should not be entrusted to the same administrative agencies that enforce all other laws.

In the midst of a lingering epidemic of Wellsism and Van Loonacy in history writing, it is refreshing to observe the continu-

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ing popularity of works of sterling merit. Thus there has just appeared a most admirable American edition of Colonel John Buchan's *History of the Great War*, which impressed judicious readers at the appearance of its first volumes as a work of extraordinary merit, and which now, in its completed and revised form, must be esteemed as one of the very foremost of such histories, unsurpassed in amplitude of contents, accuracy of statement, sanity and justice of judgments, and vivid and compelling charm of style. Another work highly honoring the name of "history" is *The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations, 1897–1909*, by Mr. James Ford Rhodes, a worthy continuation of his former volumes of American history which have long held—as they abundantly deserve—the highest rank in all the essentials of genuine history writing. Still a third is *The New Larned History*, an entirely new, immeasurably improved and down-to-date edition of an encyclopædic compendium of universal history which has for many years been regarded by innumerable students and readers as quite indispensable for reference and research as well as for ordinary reading. Such books as these will not merely stand but will be confirmed by the tests of usage and of time, long after the flippant and flamboyant works of mere historiasters have passed, for the good of mankind, into oblivion.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE ADVENTURE OF LIVING. A Subjective Autobiography. By John St. Loe Strachey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Every autobiography ought to be unique, just as every human personality is in theory unique—its worth and its inviolability being somehow bound up with its uniqueness. It is this individual quality in Mr. Strachey's narrative which most deserves emphasis. It is a quality that extends from the matter to the manner, and its expression is a literary achievement. In this volume one breathes the air of no other book, of no other life, and the effect is attained without eccentricity, noticeable introspection, or, curiously enough, any special feeling of intimacy.

The writer, his ancestry, his setting, his opinions, his friends, are all set before us with reserve, with delicate appraisal, with consummate charm. Mr. Strachey succeeds in transferring to the reader's mind an almost incommunicable sense of the rarity and preciousness of many experiences that have made up his "adventure of living". We have here, in short, not the life merely, of an English country gentleman, an Oxford student, a man of letters, the editor of a great review, but Mr. Strachey's considered appraisement of the great privilege of life as he has found it. Hence there is no excess of any quality—no exclusively humorous, or literary, or political, or zealously amateurish view of anything. A greater quality, and a very rare one in autobiographical writing, transcends these half-views. It is not egoism, it is not the mere zest of adventure; it is a deep appreciation of those finer values that have come into Mr. Strachey's life so abundantly—an appreciation curiously and fortunately unmixed with regret. One has to go to the greater novelists—Thackeray, for example—to find a similar attitude. It is customary to say of a good autobiography that it is more interesting than fiction, but rarely does one find in autobiographical writing the impersonal charm, the seriousness, and the unjarring humor of the profounder novels.

To have been born and brought up in such a place as Sutton Court, to have had ancestors like William Strachey—who furnished Shakespeare with the account of that storm which the greatest of all playwrights described in *The Tempest*, and who, as first Secretary to the Colony of Virginia, made the author "Founders' Kin to the United States"—and like John Strachey, the friend of Locke; to have had a father like Sir Edward Strachey; to have had Clive for a sort of family patron saint—all this is good fortune indeed. No less to be appreciated, as one of the fine things of life seldom attested in letters, is the author's happy fate in having had a nurse like Mrs. Leaker.

A chapter is devoted to this simple-minded self-taught woman, and it is not

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the least rewarding chapter in the book. Here is Leaker's remarkable reply to the question put to her in all confidence by Mr. Strachey when he was a boy under her care: "What do you think of Junius?"

"When I was a girl," said Leaker, "and a young housemaid in my first place at Mrs. Lloyd's in Clifton, I used to have as part of my work to dust the library. When I was dusting, I used to take down the books and look at what was in them, and often got through a page or two with my duster in my hand. Once I took down a volume marked '*Junius*', and read a page or two, and as I read I began to feel as if I was drunk. In those days I had never heard of the Duke of Grafton or Lord Sandwich, or any of the other people he talks about, and I did not know what it all meant, but the words went to my head like brandy."

"Though we were kept clean and well looked-after," says Mr. Strachey, "there was no nonsense in her nursery as to over-exciting our minds or emotions, or that sort of thing. She was quite prepared to read us to sleep with the witches in *Macbeth* or the death scene in *Othello*. . . . As she sat bent forward, declaiming the most soul-shaking things in Shakespeare between nine and ten at night, we lay in our beds with our chins on the counterpanes, silent, scared, but intensely happy."

Now here is a piece of miraculous good luck, the memory of which ought by no means to be allowed to perish—a thing fully as wonderful as would be the possession of a genuine fairy godmother. Has the breed of Leakers died out? If so, a civilization that depends to any extent upon nurses must soon fall to the ground. And what, by the way, is becoming of all the fine old taken-for-granted things that used to come as the natural result of heredity and tradition? We have now kindergartens for children of a kindergarten type, plenty of children's books for children who like that sort of book, but could an intelligent child get himself born into a home where a simple-minded but thoroughly appreciative nurse would read him to sleep with Shakespeare?

The whole of Mr. Strachey's career seems to have the glamour of happiness and satisfying success upon it. To have been a poet in one's youth, to have been encouraged in the most fascinating of all hobbies, the study of metre, to have devoured poetry at an age when the poetic instinct is fresh and analysis does not paralyze enjoyment, to have found Oxford congenial, and to have discovered oneself at the first trial an accepted and valued contributor to *The Spectator*—these are stages in the making of a man by the benignest influences; for benign influences as well as adversity may make a man—and this is the curiously poignant, often overlooked meaning, it appears, of the whole life-story.

Mr. Strachey's account of his work as editor of *The Cornhill*, and later, and chiefly, of *The Spectator*, is of prime interest and importance as the record of a practical and also an idealistic journalist. His appreciations of fellow-workers, particularly of Meredith Townsend, and his friendships with notable public men—Lord Cromer, John Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, Joseph Chamberlain,

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the Duke of Devonshire—are rich in the most genuine intellectual and human values. His chapter on the ethics of journalism is worth the attention of any one connected with the press and indeed of any person who reads the daily papers and aspires to be a good citizen. His political opinions closely approximate those views which one thinks of as in the soundest and most traditional sense American. That he has always been a peculiarly sympathetic friend of America, is well-known.

Reminiscences of Matthew Arnold and Browning, as well as stories of older literary or historic figures coming in as almost direct contacts with the past, reward the lover of oral tradition. There is a pleasing vein of psychological interest in parts of the narrative—a hint of mysticism, even, modified and checked by the good sense of one who finds this life solid and satisfying. There is a passage here and there of antiquarian interest, and even of popular fairy lore. The purely incidental anecdotes are almost too infrequent, but are all of the first water. One cannot forbear to quote that priceless thing, the mere beginning of a story: "When I was a young man, I once heard an old gentleman in a third-class railway carriage remark vaguely and yet impressively to the company at large: 'I once saw six men hanged in a very rustic manner.'"

There is, all in all, plenty of variety and solidity of interest in this narrative, but its facts and opinions scarcely explain the hold the autobiography takes upon one. Its unique value is due to the sure touch of a fine mind upon a rich experience deeply felt.

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE. By Augustus Thomas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When Augustus Thomas arrived in New York in 1889, he had in his trunk two long plays and five or six short ones. He was thirty-one years of age and had had an intimate acquaintance with the theatre nearly all his life. He had played many years as an amateur and three or four years as the occasional member of a repertoire company, and he had had more than a year of consecutive travelling with a company in which he had an interest. He had produced four plays of his own, had had two years in a box office, and had "shared for a few full minutes the lease of a theatre, while never losing sight of dramatic authorship as objective". He had refused to rewrite a play for Mr. Sothern. He was fain to accept a forty-dollar job of counting tickets for a young actress (Julia Marlowe) upon her first trip as a star.

Play-writing, like novel-writing, may be truly described as a miscellaneous and fortuitous profession. The apprenticeship is long and hard and gives no assurance of even moderate success at the end. No one can be advised to attempt it without preparation, and no one can be very definitely counseled to go through the mill.

With bluff frankness, with an evidently real desire to come into some sort of

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vital contact with his readers, with no disposition whatever to make a "great and solemn mystery" of his art, Mr. Thomas lays before us his materials and methods and reveals the experiences and influences that shaped him. The experiences and materials are of marvelous extent and variety, and hidden away among them is a grain of the radium of originality. Not too much! What would happen if radium were as common as salt, or genius as wit? So fine a play as *The Witching Hour*, it may be said in passing, was at first declined on the ground that it was crazy and unwholesome. If one looks in this book for a recipe for popularity and success, one will find that it is necessary to have much tradition, much *flair*, much knowledge of the theatre, copious materials, and a grain of mental radium.

Mr. Thomas's book is full of radium emanations: all that he writes has a characteristic force and glow. Yet the subject matter has claims that even an uninspired telling of the story could not defeat. The versatility of the author's career, the curious diversity of the material out of which mind and character, as well as plays, were constructed, have their distinct and undeniable appeal. To have seen statesmen from the point of view of a page-boy in Congress and railroad men from the angle of a member of the union may be as important as to know the theatre from the inside. To have been advance man for Washington Irving Bishop, the thought reader, may have been as fruitful an experience for the future author of *The Witching Hour* and *As a Man Thinks* as to have accompanied Della Fox or Julia Marlowe on the road, or to have known Barrett and Booth.

Needless to say, every one who cares for reminiscences of the stage will desire to read the autobiography of the dean of American playwrights, and the passion of the connoisseur in such matters will find ample satisfaction in these vigorous pages, truly reflecting the spirit of the theatre, old and new, and written by an adept if there ever was one. But beyond all this the book has real power as a record of the past because it richly reproduces that American atmosphere of the last half-century which is like nothing else that ever was or ever will be.

IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE. By Ernest Boyd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

One cannot help expressing surprise that a work so level-headed, so truly critical, should be written upon a subject so controversial, so intervolved with political and national motives, so much influenced by those excesses of enthusiasm incident to all literary movements, as the literary renaissance of Ireland. Mr. Boyd's point of view, however, is historical rather than propagandist; it is the *evolution* of Irish literature which interests him, and he quietly takes for granted the worth and significance of his theme. Probably he has in this way enhanced the value of the writers of whom he has treated far more than he could have done by unmeasured praise or insinuating appreciations. But this

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is a method that could not be successfully used as a stroke of sly policy. Mr. Boyd's criticism and history is worthy of Ireland because it is the work of sober judgment and sincere scholarship.

When one attempts to summarize the total effect of the book, however, one arrives at somewhat curious results. Upon the author's own showing there have been no really great figures in the Irish movement save W. B. Yeats and John Synge, and of these, Yeats is doubtfully entitled to the epithet *great*. Certainly Mr. Boyd visits upon *The Rose of the World* a trenchant criticism such as would be damning to any but a very great reputation. The critic quotes for this purpose certain most fascinating lines:

> Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
> For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
> Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
> Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
> And Usna's children died.
>
> . . .
>
> Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
> Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
> Weary and kind, one stood beside His seat;
> He made the world to be a grassy road
> Before her wandering feet.

"The last verse," writes Mr. Boyd, "empties the poem of all intellectual content. It is impossible to know who is 'weary and kind', for the adjectives are inapplicable to any being conceived by the preceding verses. One cannot imagine Eternal Beauty as ever having been 'weary and kind', and, assuming the allusion to be to some living woman, it is equally inconceivable that she should have existed 'weary and kind' in the region of time and space considered by the poet."

Really, Blake, or Rossetti, or almost any poet less than Shelley, might be crushed by the devastating matter-of-factness of such an analysis. Besides, why may not one call Eternal Beauty weary and kind as justly as one may describe her as an "impitiable dæmon", her favorite rôle with the minor poets? At any rate, Mr. Boyd, despite his admiration for poems like *The Hosting of the Sidhe*, cannot be charged with partiality!

On the whole, however, Mr. Boyd's account of modern Irish literature seems rather strikingly to confirm the acute dictum of Paul Elmer More that the Celtic movement is not so much Celtic as romantic. The approximate source of the new movement is to be found in Standish O'Grady's *History of Ireland: Heroic Period*, published in 1878; and this is the strangest romantic extravaganza ever put forth in the name of history—a work of great potency, of rare enthusiasm and imagination, but essentially an assertion that the strength of Ireland lies in a wildly romantic past. Though generalizations on such themes are perilous, it may not be quite inappropriate to remark that the most successful races, like the Romans, have had the fewest traditions of supernatural grandeur and of arbitrary and cosmic heroism.

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One perceives in this account of Irish literary evolution three disquieting tendencies: first, a disposition to yield in some measure to the influences of a purely Anglo-Saxon culture; second, a difficulty in escaping from the hypnosis of the folklore themes, in the treatment of which no very notable progress appears to have been made; third, and most significant of all, a tendency to go off upon a tangent, either in the direction of mysticism, like "A.E.", or in the direction of a mysticism, merely verbal, or at best symbolic, after the fashion of Yeats.

The really promising developments of the Irish literary movement would seem to be the creation of a real Anglo-Irish idiom, and the discovery of possibilities in the peasant play as written by Synge. But the prophets are not universally honored in their own country.

Whatever may be said for localism in literature and for the desirability of having one's literary roots in one's native soil, it seems folly to forget that Ireland, like every other country, is necessarily becoming more and more a part of a world-community and leaving its legendary past further and further behind. The theme of the writer must be human life rather than nationalism or native folklore.

THE OPTIMIST. By E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The theme of Miss Delafield's novel is essentially that of Björnson's *Beyond Our Power*, except that we have instead of faith, fanatic in its strength, a consistent religious optimism—the practical, unwavering belief that "all things work together for good". And if the English novel be less powerful than the Norwegian play, it compensates for any want of dramatic power by its exquisite handling of character. Very English and at the same time femininely intuitive is the author's picture of Canon Morchard and his family—weak Adrian, rebellious Valeria, repressed Flora, Lucilla, the eldest—deepest of them all and most gifted with the grace of humor, despite her "holy, cold, and still conversation".

A novel of religious life Miss Delafield has written in a double sense. On the one hand there is the Canon's obvious religion, acting as a stimulus to himself, as a subtle oppression to all about him. Has a man a right, one instinctively asks, to be so good as the Canon, so reproachful an example to his fellows, so inhumanly tactful? How the author has succeeded in making this character so tedious to the other persons of the story, and at the same time so interesting to the reader; how she has drawn him at once as a man of parts and of courage and as a big baby, is one of the mysteries of literary craftsmanship. On the other hand there is what may be called a purely subjective religious feeling which colors the thoughts and determines the attitudes of every one in the narrative—a sense of the holiness, so to speak, of human personality and of the great issues of conscientious living. So unobtrusive is this spirit that it is quite effectually cloaked under a gentle irony.

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Owen Quentillian, who as a boy has been brought up in the Canon's home, comes back from soldiering in France to fall in love with Valeria and to lose her; to witness the débâcle of the Canon's theory of life, while something of its spirit enters unconsciously into his own; and to win at last the admirable Lucilla.

Owen is the modern pessimist and free-thinker—very tender towards the holders of the old beliefs yet intolerant towards the beliefs themselves. His own reason tells him—and events prove him right—that optimism such as the Canon's is but a veil to draw between the soul and life. On his deathbed, Canon Morchard, thinking of his children, exclaims, "All well, all happy!" Yet one daughter has achieved a measure of happiness only through rebellion; another has consciously lost her highest opportunity for her father's sake and regrets it; another, impelled by a hysteric condition resulting from long repression, has entered a nunnery; the well-loved son is a young man void of character, with whose valueless promise of reform the dying man comforts himself. Seldom has the tragedy of a good man's disintegration, the futility of a carefully built life and character, been more feelingly depicted.

Yet, curiously enough, the story is neither dismal nor cynical. There is in it, after all, no rejection of life and no cheap depreciation of religion. It all impresses one as being simply true—and in its truth as destroying no real values. The Canon's character somehow survives all the criticism of Owen Quentillian and all the ironic comments of fate—and the man on his deathbed is somehow great.

Few writers are so well able as Miss Delafield to construct a fable motivated entirely from within. There is scarcely any arbitrary incident in the tale, and its progress is managed by transitions so smooth and artistic that although the essential life history of several persons is compressed into less than three hundred pages, one never feels that any act or speech calls for strained explanation. Moreover, the whole story has perspective and gives one a sense of adequate time.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ORIGIN OF NATIONAL SONGS

SIR:

In discussing the merits and demerits of *The Star Spangled Banner* as a national anthem Willis Fletcher Johnson, in a recent issue of your magazine, says: "I cannot recall that any air has ever been adopted as a national anthem which was not composed for that purpose or at least for patriotic use; nor that, with a single obvious exception, any was ever thus adopted that was of alien origin." Wishing to examine the truth of this assertion, I will give a brief summary of the way some of the European national anthems were "born" and adopted.

The Norwegian national song, "Yes, We Love with Fond Devotion Norway's Mountain Domes," was written by our great poet, B. Björnson, in 1859. Before that time another song had officially been adopted as a national anthem but the people preferred Björnson's poem to which Nordraak, the poet's nephew, had composed a stirring air which is now our favorite song.

The Swedish national anthem, "Ye Old, Free Mountains of the North," was written in 1842 by R. Dybeck, who was a lover of the old folk ballads. It soon gained popularity, especially on account of its music, which was taken from the old Swedish folk lore and is genuine Swedish.

The Danish national song, "There Is a Lovely Country," was written by the great Danish poet, Adam Oehlenschlager, and the music was some years later composed by H. E. Kroyer. Both words and music express a peaceful nation's love of their beautiful country.

J. L. Runeberg wrote Finland's national anthem, "Our Country, Our Native Country," as the opening poem of his versified novel, *Ensign Stal's Story*. It was published in 1847 but gained no popularity. However, after F. Pacius, a German residing in Finland, had composed the stirring air that all Swedish speaking people, both in Finland and Sweden, love to sing, its success was given.

La Brabançonne, the Belgian national song, was written during the war of independence of 1830 by Dechet, a Frenchman and an actor at one of the theatres of Brussels. The author was killed in the war but the martial air of this song, composed by F. van Campenhout, was sung with enthusiasm by the Belgians in the struggle for independence and in the Great War.

In Russia there is no other national anthem than the hymn to the Czar, "God Protect the Noble Czar." The Russians probably were not allowed to express their patriotism in any other way. The words were written by the poet W. A. Joukowsky, an officer who afterwards was appointed leader of the Imperial Conservatory of Music.

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On the occasion of the coronation of George I a theatrical play, *Alfred*, was given at one of the London theatres and in one of the scenes of that play *Rule Britannia* was sung the first time in 1714. It was written by the Scotch poet, J. Thomson, and it was long believed that Händel, who was at that time living in London, was the composer of the music. This, however, was not true; an Englishman, Thomas Arne, composed the air. The boastful words and the triumphant strains both voice the British pride in the power of their country.

The beautiful American words fitted to the notes of *God Save the King* are well suited to stir the heart of every true American. In Europe it is quite different. Although we have the same air in five countries the words are, in all of them, the original English translated to the three Scandinavian languages and to German, whose *Heil Dir im Siegeskranz* has about the same meaning. These words, however, do not make the song a national anthem. It is an official hymn in honor of the reigning king or emperor, but it has nothing to do with our patriotic feelings. The German version of the song was written in 1790 in honor of the Danish king, Christian VII, by H. Harries, a German residing in the Danish province of Holstein.

Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles, was written in 1841 by A. Hoffmann, who at the time was in exile on account of his radical opinions. The words were fitted to the melody of the Austrian official hymn, *Gott Erhalte Franz den Kaiser*, composed by Joseph Haydn. The music to another German national song, *O Deutschland Hoch In Ehren*, was composed by an Englishman, Henry Pearson. *Die Wacht Am Rhein* was born of the fear of a French attack on Germany in 1840. After that time the song was almost forgotten and hardly anybody knew who the author was till the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 revived it, and it was found out that the poet's name was M. Schneckenburger. The first music to the song, composed by J. Wendel, is now forgotten, but the stirring air by Karl Wilhelm, composed in 1854, has made it the watchword of the German army.

La Marseillaise, words and music by Rouget de Lisle, is the child of the French revolution, and its flaming air became the war song of the French armies fighting against the invaders. After the revolution the poet was soon forgotten, and it was not till France became a republic in 1870 that the song was adopted as the national anthem. Since then it has not only thrilled the people of France but it has become the war song of the oppressed of all the nations on earth.

In conclusion Mr. Johnson says that "it must be remembered that at least two of the best anthems that ever were written were in fact written to order". I hope Mr. Johnson will let us know what anthems he refers to.

H. GUNDELACH.

Kristiania, Norway.

[The anthems referred to are the Austrian, *Gott Erhalte Franz den Kaiser*, of which the words were written by L. L. Haschka at imperial command, and the music by Haydn at a self-imposed command—to give Austria something comparable with *God Save the King*, with which he had

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been greatly impressed in England; and the Russian, *Bojé Tsaria Khrani*, the words of which were written by Joukowsky and the music by Alexis Lwoff, by order of Czar Nicholas I.—W. F. J.]

ORIGIN OF THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINEERS

SIR:

A recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW contained an article on the social drama being enacted by the mountaineers.

It claimed that they are of the same stock as the patriots of King's Mountain. I was born about thirty miles from Big Stone Gap, Va., and my paternal grandfather and grandmother were both children of men who fought in that battle, and as far as I know those men were all frontiersmen or pioneers who participated in the founding of a Commonwealth and became executives, lawyers, doctors, judges, clerks, sheriffs, merchants, etc.

Their descendants have gone into all parts of the United States and been known for their ability. I cannot therefore see how they could be identified with the mountaineers just beginning to be absorbed into a community life and introduced to civic customs.

MRS. J. D. MITCHELL.

Bristol, Virginia.

[Many of the Carolina colonists of Revolutionary days did become founders of States and rose to eminence. Many others remained farmers and woodsmen, and because of their isolation in the mountains fell out of step with the progress of their fellows, and were the progenitors of the sturdy and competent but comparatively primitive mountaineers of today.—THE EDITORS.]

"SHINING CONTRIBUTIONS"

SIR:

I congratulate you on an issue carrying two such shining contributions as Professor Erskine's admirably reasoned plea for Decency in Literature and Dr. Bridges's keen analysis of Free Verse.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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